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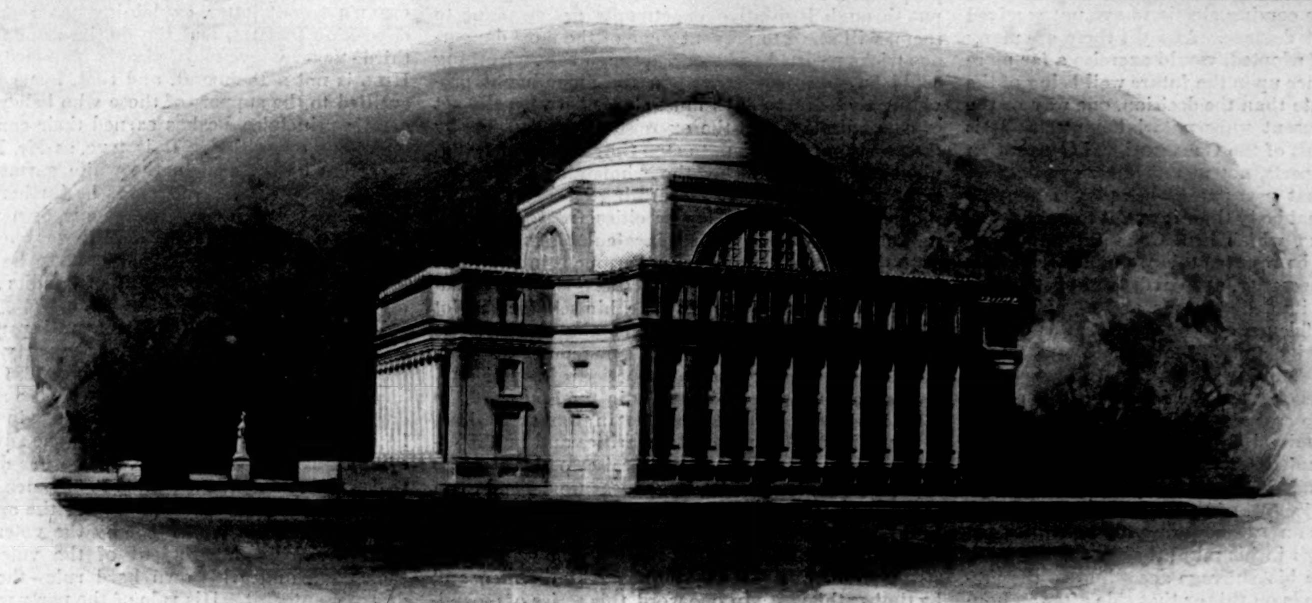
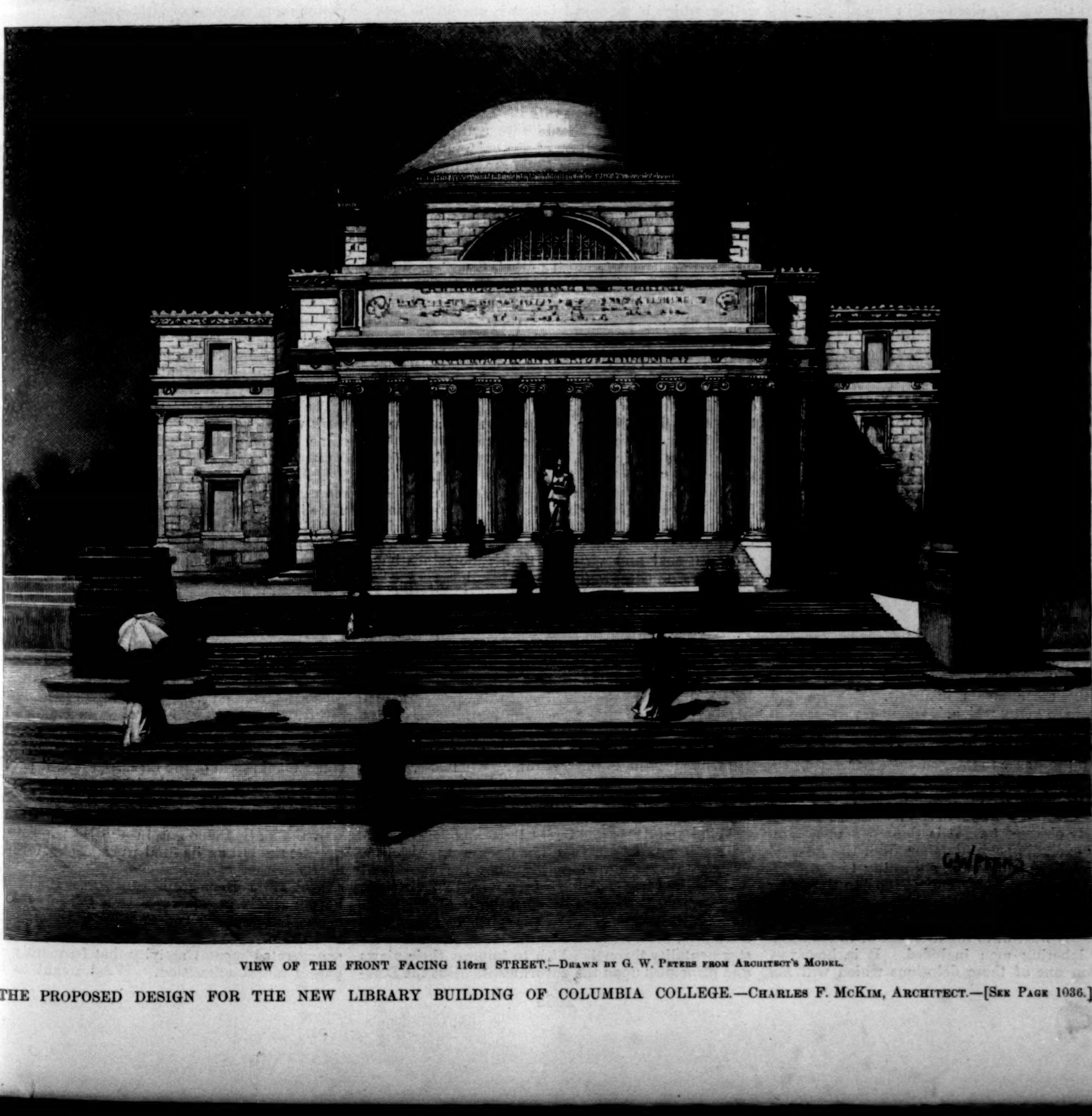


VIEW OF EAST SIDE TOWARD AMSTERDAM AVENUE.



VIEW OF THE FRONT FACING 116TH STREET.—DRAWN BY G. W. PETERS FROM ARCHITECT'S MODEL.

THE PROPOSED DESIGN FOR THE NEW LIBRARY BUILDING OF COLUMBIA COLLEGE.—CHARLES F. MCKIM, ARCHITECT.—[SEE PAGE 1036.]

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THE CONSTITUTIONAL AMENDMENTS.

OWING to the excitement caused by the political campaign, the constitutional amendments to be voted upon at the coming election have not received the attention they deserve. And yet there are many of them which, if adopted, would exercise a far more important influence upon the future well-being of the people of our State than the decision, one way or the other, of the present gubernatorial contest. It is true that the result of the Constitutional Convention has, in some respects, not met popular expectation. It is also true that party spirit has played a much greater part in that body than it ought to have done. The party caucus, which in a Constitution-making assembly should be resorted to only under the pressure of extreme necessity, appeared as altogether too great a power in its deliberations, and could not fail to shake the confidence and to provoke the opposition of the minority and of the citizens represented by it. All this is admitted. But, after all, it should not close the eyes or blunt the interest of the people as to their duty to cast a conscientious vote upon the propositions submitted to them. The good citizen will be careful not to abstain from voting on the constitutional amendments, or, in a fit of general displeasure, to reject all of them, because he dislikes some. He will, on the contrary, thoughtfully examine them, weigh in his mind the good against the evil, and exercise his suffrage according to the preponderance he finds on this or that side after an honest scrutiny.

Fortunately the Republican majority has been wise enough to subject that amendment which is most liable to the objection of partisanship to a separate vote. We mean the apportionment provision. It has been so thoroughly discussed in the appeals addressed to the people by the Republican majority and the Democratic minority of the Convention, as well as by the newspapers and by public speakers, that we need not recapitulate the arguments for and against it. We regret to say we cannot, after an impartial examination of the amendment, escape the conclusion that in some of its essential provisions it violates the democratic principle upon which our system of government is based, that it bears the character of a partisan gerrymander, and that it therefore should be rejected.

Another amendment, referring to the improvement of the canals, is also submitted to a separate vote. That improvements of the canals facilitating the transportation of goods by water will ultimately benefit the commerce of the whole country and confer a valuable benefit upon the people can hardly be doubted. The abolition of canal tolls is only a confirmation of the system already existing. The power given by this amendment to the Legislature to appropriate any amount of money for the improvement of the canals without fixed limit may at first sight appear apt to promote jobbery and extravagance. But so long as the money for this purpose is to be raised year by year by taxation, it may be expected that the people, careful of their pockets, will keep a watchful eye upon the legislators. If they do not, it will be their own fault. The provision that no money can be borrowed for canal purposes unless the people at a general election authorize the loan by a special vote is certainly a wise precaution, and will, it is to be hoped, prove an effective one.

All the other amendments—thirty-one in number—are submitted to the vote of the people in bulk, and here it is that the discriminating judgment of the voter as to the preponderance of good or of evil should be exercised in a spirit free from partisan bias or prejudice. We have not space now to discuss all the amendments in detail. But we find among them so many which, if adopted, will serve to improve legislation and the administration of justice, circumscribe the corrupt influences infesting our politics, and minister to the general welfare, that we think it wise for the people, in order to secure the benefit of them, to take the few objectionable features in the bargain. In fact, there is only one which may be seriously objected to. It is the amendment substantially excluding useful labor from the prisons. The Convention adopted it, according to the common understanding, as a "concession" to the labor organizations. It is objectionable not because the labor organizations are pleased with it, but because it is decidedly hurtful to the interests of the community, the laboring-men included. It is, however, based upon one of those delusions which will not yield to argument, and have to be dispelled by dearly bought experience. If this experience must be had, it will, all things considered, be well that we should have it at present, as we can now purchase at this price many things of the highest value.

The judiciary article alone would be worth that price. It is generally accepted as a very great improvement upon the existing system, and nobody dissented when Mr. CHOATE said of it that it would "bring justice home to the doors of the people throughout the State more completely, more promptly, more efficiently than it has ever been before." The amendments bearing upon the proceedings of the Legislature, prescribing that bills shall be printed three days before they are put upon their passage, and that appropriation bills shall not be taken advantage of to put through legislative enactments not germane to them, will serve to prevent some of the most dangerous tricks resorted to by corrupt members. Nothing could be more necessary than the amendment providing that ninety days must elapse between the act of naturalization and the exercise of the suffrage by the newly made citizen, to stop the scandal of fraudulent naturalizations by the wholesale before elections. The amendment separating elections of municipal officers in the larger cities from State and national elections is of such incalculable importance as to the promotion of good government in our great municipalities that every good citizen should consider it his duty not only to vote himself for the lot of amendments comprising it, but also to solicit the votes of his neighbors for the same purpose. The amendment making the introduction of sound civil service rules as to appointments in the State and the municipal service obligatory is in the same line. The amendments relating to charities and public education are in a high degree praiseworthy. As to those interests which in a large measure depend upon the sufficiency and regularity of the water-supply, nothing could be of greater importance than the amendment intended to put a stop to the wanton destruction of our forests by greedy lumbermen and by timber-thieves. In one word, this series of amendments, to be voted upon in bulk, is so full of provisions which, if adopted, will prove blessings to the people, that we cannot too earnestly admonish our fellow-citizens to aid in securing their ratification.

There is one amendment, that prohibiting pool-selling, which in its moral intent is one of the best, and which in its effect would be one of the most salutary, but which is meeting with the fiercest opposition on the part of sportsmen and horse-breeders, and which, as this interest is very strong, threatens to bring about the defeat of the best work of the Constitutional Convention with it. That the ordinary gambler and blackleg should care nothing for the moral and material welfare of the community when the profits of his nefarious trade are in question we understand. Of him we expect nothing better. But that gentlemen of respectable character and good standing in society should be willing to sacrifice all the public good that might be accomplished by these amendments, to their race-horses, is a thought difficult to conceive. We put it to their consciences and their self-respect. A man who does such a thing with open eyes is not a good citizen, and ceases to be a gentleman.

THE DUTY OF CLEVELAND DEMOCRATS.

THE state of mind which leads Mr. COUDERT and other Democrats, otherwise of the highest character, to vote for HILL, is one of the most unfortunate of the evils by which our party system is beset. We say nothing of Mr. E. ELLERY ANDERSON'S curious philosophy and ethics. He stands apart, making war not so much upon his party as upon society; for if he is right in saying that bad humanity must not only exist, but continue to control in the republic, the war of the anarchists upon all government is more rational and virtuous than sane minds have been wont to admit. There are men, however, who, for the purpose of differentiating them, may be termed CLEVELAND Democrats, who do not agree with Mr. ANDERSON that crime and criminals within their party are not to be fought; who, on the contrary, have exerted themselves to cast out the devils, who have bolted their party nominations, and who helped to prevent the machine of this State from forbidding Mr. CLEVELAND'S nomination in 1892. That they are still in the bonds, however, is shown by the fact that they announce their intention to vote for HILL because he is the "regular" candidate. This is as sensible as the conduct of soldiers would be in insisting on following a rascally adventurer who had stolen their general's uniform.

What a party is and ought to be among self-governing people has been often discussed. When a party ceases to mean anything but the greed and ambitions of leaders who, if they were in their right place, would be traders between the lines, it is high time that intelligent and public-spirited citizens who have been members of it should seek some other instrumentality through which to impress their views and principles upon the government. But the Democrats whom we have in mind evidently regard HILL'S leadership as an evil of minor importance compared with a Republican triumph in this State, and they propose to vote for him not only because he is the "regular" candidate, but because he is a Democrat. Granting for the moment that it may be sometimes the duty of good citizens to refuse to punish their party for nominating bad men by defeating it, it is clear that no such duty is imposed upon them when the bad men do not hold or practise the principles of the party, but use its name merely for the advancement of their own selfish designs.

When Mr. COUDERT and his friends vote for HILL they will not vote for a Democrat. On the contrary, they will vote for one of the most potent enemies that the Democratic party has ever had. Mr. FAIRCHILD'S recent letter, explaining the reason of his opposition to HILL and the motives underlying the third-ticket movement, clearly demonstrates that HILL is not a Democrat, and that, instead of being entitled to the support of those who believe in Democratic principles, he has earned their constant and strenuous opposition. It is true, as Mr. FAIRCHILD says, that he is "clad in the white garments of Democracy," but it is also true, as he further says, that they were "cast over him by his own machine." He does not wear them because he was chosen leader by the Democratic voters, nor because he holds the faith, but because his company of bandits stole them for him.

HILL is the wrecker of the Democratic party. When he was nominated for Governor the party had never gone so low for its candidate. Since 1885 its history has been that of a descent into deeper and deeper degradation. Since HILL'S appearance in public life he has done absolutely nothing for the advancement of any Democratic principle, but he has done much to destroy and defeat attempts to advance his party's creed. He began by transforming the organization from committees controlled by the voters to committees largely independent of the voters, and, in their turn, under his own hard rule—the rule of a despotic autocrat. His rule of the party was directly opposed to the democratic theory. Having obtained control of the machine, he refused to Democrats who were hostile to him any voice in the management of the party. The primaries ceased to be instruments for the expression of the people's will, and became mere registers of HILL'S decrees. In 1885 he was elected Governor through the hostility of the Republican machine to IRA DAVENPORT. In 1888 he again carried the State, although Mr. CLEVELAND lost it. There was clear evidence of trading in the large cities, where the "Liquor-Dealers' Association" was dominant. The Democrat who does not believe that HILL was treacherous to the party's national ticket in 1888 is unable to weigh probabilities justly. During Mr. CLEVELAND'S first administration HILL was his constant critic. He was one of the malignants who preferred Republican ascendency to Mr. CLEVELAND'S re-election. As a leading cause of the defeat of the national ticket, HILL has a large measure of responsibility for the MCKINLEY act and the SHERMAN law. In 1892 he undertook to defeat the will of the Democratic voters of New York by means of a "snap" convention called by his machine at his bidding, and packed with delegates selected by him. Then the people, led by such men as Mr. COUDERT, rose up against him, and, on their representations, HILL'S claims to represent the Democrats of the State were flouted by the National Convention.

The campaign of 1892, so far as the State of New York was concerned, was conducted by HILL'S machine. Mr. COUDERT and his other opponents had demonstrated by an actual enrolment that at least 200,000 Democrats did not regard this machine as representative of the party, for the party had had no voice in selecting it. They counted among them nearly all the social position, the intellect, and the character of the party. HILL'S machine ruthlessly denied them any part in the campaign. The Democratic cause was thus deprived of the assistance of the men who most thoroughly believed its principles, and were most capable of advocating them. When the national election was over, HILL'S machine chose as United States Senator a man not only bitterly hostile to the President, against the President's protest, but one who was, and is, on the Republican side of the main issue on which Mr. CLEVELAND triumphed. Since Mr. CLEVELAND'S term began, HILL and MURPHY have done their utmost to bring discredit on his administration. Although HILL voted for the unconditional repeal of the SHERMAN law, it is believed by those best acquainted with the undercurrents of the struggle that he secretly worked for a compromise. He was against any tariff legislation. He was the only Democrat in the Senate who voted against the bill on its final passage, and, for his conduct during the discussion of the measure, was excluded from Democratic caucuses. It is true that he cunningly pretended to be a Democrat of Democrats, but in this respect he is merely interesting to those who make a study of the various phases of the exaggerated mental activity that frequently accompanies moral alienation. What ought to be the

important and determining reflection of Democrats who are thinking of voting for **HILL** is that he has fought Democratic principles in and out of the Senate, and that his power against their party is, by reason of his stolen leadership and his pretences to party loyalty, many times what it would be if he were frankly a Republican.

To descend to a lower test of party loyalty, he has constantly opposed the appointment of Democrats to office unless they were of his own clan. He deprived New York of a justice of the United States Supreme Court by preventing the confirmation of HORNBLOWER or PECKHAM. The fact that he has covered the party with odium and caused its overwhelming defeat by compelling MAYNARD and the State canvassers to steal a Senatorship may not discredit his Democracy; but that he is opposed to Democratic principles, that he is a protectionist and a free-silver man, that he connives at and sometimes accomplishes the defeat of the party candidates and appointments when they are not pleasing to him personally, and that he has been the archenemy of the only two Democratic administrations that the country has had in thirty-four years, are facts which ought to compel all true Democrats to vote against him. If they love their principles they will certainly do their utmost to prevent their betrayal. They ought to be HILL'S bitterest and most determined foes, for he has played upon their confidence. He has been a spy and hypocrite within their ranks. Their blow at him will be the most effective that can be struck, for it will strip from him the stolen "garments of Democracy," and leave him naked and unfriended. Until his leadership is gone, their party can mean nothing that is high and good, either to them or to the State and country.

THE MUNICIPAL CONTEST.

BY the withdrawal of Mr. STRAUS and the nomination of ex-Mayor GRANT the municipal contest has been simplified. It is now frankly between good and law-abiding citizens and the criminal classes, between anti-Tammany and Tammany. Mr. STRAUS'S candidacy beclouded, although it did not change, the issue. His character and the reputation he has gained by his charities misled men who otherwise could see clearly enough that the municipal struggle is against the system of misgovernment and tyranny established by Tammany Hall under CROKER, GRANT, and GILROY. Mr. STRAUS'S candidacy, by appealing to the poor, gave to Tammany the cordial support of those who ought to be its bitterest enemies, for its infinitely mean tyranny has been directed against the helpless and friendless, against those for whom the lower courts administer law and justice, for whom Tammany has set up DIVVER, KOCH, HOGAN, and "BARNEY" MARTIN as the exemplars of the gracious and protecting majesty of the State. It is the poor, too, who have felt the brutal oppression of the Tammany police. It is the poor who have been robbed of their children and driven out of business, or blackmailed until their poverty has been made harder and more grinding. To deceive these, and to keep them still under its cruel subjection, the details of which have been exposed by Mr. GOFF before the LEXOW committee, Tammany asked them to vote for the man whom they knew as the dispenser of cheap coal and sterilized milk.

GRANT, on the other hand, represents Tammany pure and simple, and if New York does not defeat him and his comrades on the municipal ticket at next Tuesday's election, the disgrace that will be deserved by its metropolis will be felt by the whole country. More than that, a victory of Tammany this year, with all the forces of good thoroughly aroused, and with all other political factions at least ostensibly united against it, will be a serious indictment of the value of democratic institutions applied to municipal government. If universal suffrage in city affairs has definitively turned over to the criminal classes the government of the chief city in the Union, a very serious problem and a hard future lie before us. The struggle in which the people of New York are engaged involves their standing in the civilized world. It may be that a Tammany victory will not immediately increase official crime or lessen the prosperity of the community. Such consequences, however, are inevitable sooner or later, and in the mean time New York will take its place on a low level of civilization, and all its citizens who are not powerful by reason of their wealth will be the victims of a tyranny rendered the more brutal by the demonstrated impotency of virtuous citizens.

GRANT is Tammany. He has been the creature of CROKER. His present of $10,000 to CROKER'S child showed who made him Sheriff. His appointment as Chamberlain of CROKER, the ex-prize-fighter and leader of the tunnel gang, who had come up out of the gutter only to engage in more lucrative branches of "politics," revealed the power which made GRANT the Tammany Mayor. It was CROKER'S audacious tyranny and his vulgar display of the wealth which he gained without legitimate occupation that made the opportunity for the war against Tammany. CROKER, the Tammany autocrat, is the man whom the community holds responsible for the rule of crime in New York; and CROKER made GRANT. When GRANT was Mayor he appointed men to office on the Tammany system. He intrenched the criminal classes in power. He made DIVVER a Police Justice. The reason that DIVVER was selected has been made clear within a year by the records of the criminal courts. Some of the henchmen and followers of DIVVER, the men who made him strong enough to be the Tammany leader of his assembly district, are now in Sing Sing for fraud on the election law. DIVVER himself has been forced to resign his leadership, but not his justiceship — not because he was guilty, but because he has been exposed, because it has been testified that he was interested in the "green goods" traffic, and—and this is probably the controlling motive with Tammany—because he has lost strength in his district by deserting his "heelers" when they were in trouble on account of their violations of the election law. When GRANT appointed DIVVER he must have been conscious that he was capable of doing all that has been discovered against him, for he knew he was a law-breaker, a dive-keeper, a ruffian by profession. But DIVVER was as much the product of Tammany as GRANT, and, under the system which formed the partnership between criminals and the city government, quite as much entitled to his police-justiceship as GRANT was to the Mayoralty. GRANT did not dare refuse him the appointment. It would have been a reproach to the organization in which he was, and is, a leader. It would have been a denial of the right of the organization to its power. He was Mayor through the power of criminals. He could not have been Mayor otherwise.

It is unnecessary to speak of the other law-breakers, murderers, partners of burglars, and the rest, whom GRANT appointed to office. As he is a type, so is DIVVER. The election that is to be held next Tuesday will determine whether New York is strong enough to take its government away from law-breakers—not whether New York can maintain good government, but whether on one propitious occasion, with all its virtuous energies apparently aroused, it can defeat its own criminal classes at the polls. In this simple proposition lies the momentous and terrible significance of this struggle.

THE GREATER NEW YORK.

THE people of New York, Brooklyn, and the neighboring towns in Richmond, Queens, and Westchester counties will vote next Tuesday on the bill which contemplates the union of all these communities into a Greater New York. The consolidated metropolis would embrace a population of about 3,000,000, and would rank, in size, next to London among the cities of the world. The vote of the people is simply to determine their wishes in the matter. If they decide in favor of consolidation, the plan on which it is to be effected must be devised by the Legislature. Briefly, the measure providing for and arranging the details will be the work of the law-making power. The people are to say simply whether or not they wish one local government or many governments.

The tendency of the time seems to be towards consolidation in municipal affairs. The royal commission recently appointed to consider municipal government in London has reported in favor of a union of the thirteen separate governments under the head of the Lord Mayor and a City Council, so far as the administration of the general interests are concerned. The old city of London is to cease to be the whole of the municipality if the report is adopted, and the vast territory known as London is to be included with it in a greater municipality. It is quite as natural and as wise that the people who do business in New York and live in contiguous territory should take part in its government, as that those who earn their livelihood in old London and dwell outside that small district should both work and sleep under the jurisdiction of the Lord Mayor.

Laying aside the natural local pride which will lead many of the voters to approve the proposition to raise the American metropolis to the rank which is really its due, there are substantial reasons why the Greater New York bill should be adopted. In the first place, however bad the city is governed, the suburbs are quite as badly governed, and the public money has not been wasted in New York as it has in Brooklyn and in the smaller cities and villages within the territory which it is proposed to take in. In the second place, the interests of citizens who desire good government are divided under the existing system, while the energies and capacities of the bad are concentrated. New York, for example, loses the vote of the good citizen who dwells in Brooklyn, and in losing his vote loses also his zeal and efforts in its behalf, while Brooklyn, being merely his domicile, does not wholly gain them. On the other hand, all that concerns the professional ring politicians of either city is gathered about each City Hall. In the third place, the expenses of governing this great community would be greatly lessened by replacing many local governments with one municipal government. At present the small villages of the territory have three local governments—corporate, school-district, and town. In the fourth place, if there must be a boss and a ring in American municipal government, it is better to have CROKER alone, than CROKER, MCLAUGHLIN, MCKANE, MULLER, DUFFY, GLEASON, and their armies of adventurers. In the fifth place, the needs of this great community for rapid transit, bridges, water, good streets, police protection, would be better satisfied than they are if it was under one government. All this would be true, because there would be a concentration instead of, as there is now, a diffusion of effort.

ART AND THE GOVERNMENT.

THE new Congressional Library promises to be the most important building Uncle Sam has put up since he built the Capitol. It is very big, a great deal of money has been spent on it already, and a great deal more is to be expended. It seems to stimulate the imaginations of the men who are interested in it to an uncommon degree. It inspired in Librarian Spofford the idea of an American Academy, and its great possibilities have stirred General THOMAS L. CASEY, Chief of Engineers, to attempt unusual exploits in the matter of its internal decoration. General CASEY is ambitious that the reading-room of the Library, a grand octagonal hall, shall be suitably adorned with works of art, and, particularly of sculpture by American artists. For a year he has been in consultation about it with the National Sculptors' Society of New York, and in co-operation with three eminent members of that society—Mr. ST. GAUDENS, Mr. WARD, and Mr. WARNER—he has planned the work, and already given out some of the commissions. A colossal statue in each of the eight corners of the room will represent Art, Religion, Law, Science, Philosophy, History, Commerce, and Poetry. With each of these colossal statues will go two smaller statues—MICHAEL ANGELO and BEETHOVEN with Art, Moses and St. Paul with Religion, and so on. This gives contemporary American art twenty-four statues in which to express itself; and besides, there will be nine colossal granite busts, which will form part of the exterior decoration of the building, and divers bronze doors, groups, and reliefs. Here is work for our best sculptors for years to come, and doubtless before the building is finished the American painters will have found their opportunity in it too. Uncle Sam does not offer these chances very often. It is to be hoped that such advantage may be taken of this opportunity as to encourage him to continued experiment as a patron of art.

WHEAT-RAISING AND FARMING.

AGRICULTURE in the United States in one of its chief branches has another very important competitor in the field. The Argentine Republic promises soon to become the greatest wheat-producing country in the world. The planters there have but recently begun the exportation of wheat, but the increase has been very rapid—rapid, however, in so steady a way that we cannot speak of it as a mere temporary or spasmodic contribution to the world's supply. These shipments from Argentine were first noticed in 1892, when about 25,000,000 bushels were sent to Europe; in 1893 the shipments amounted to 45,000,000; in the first half of 1894 the shipments had been about 45,000,000, and the indications in Buenos Ayres were that before the end of the year the shipments would aggregate 75,000,000. Another crop will be harvested there in December, and this promises to amount to 125,000,000. There are five million people in Argentine, and if we allow five bushels per capita for home consumption, it will easily be seen that in the South American republic there will be a surplus of 100,000,000 bushels, and this, of course, will go to the European markets and Brazilian markets once supplied by us. The Brazilians have abrogated the treaty of reciprocity with us, and naturally our flour and wheat, once exchanged for sugar, will have to find other purchasers. The shipments of agricultural machinery from this country to Argentine are at present greater than ever before, and this shows that the wheat-planters there are preparing to enlarge the acreage, as the machines most in demand are reapers, mowers, and threshers. There are other considerations that make this Argentine competition formidable. The climate is mild there, and the food plentiful and cheap. The laborers do not need to be housed or clothed so well as those who work in our harsher climate. Then, again, the Argentine wheat-growing regions are quite near the seaboard, and there is no need for a long and costly land haul to the place of exportation.

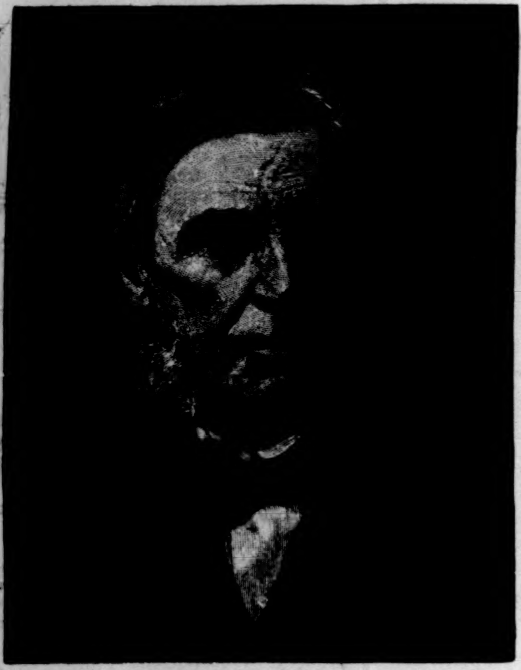
These considerations make it wise for us to look at the future of wheat-culture in the United States with candor and frankness. It will do no manner of good to underrate the importance of facts because we hold the Latins of South America in low esteem. It would be wiser for us to come in competition with them only when we can beat them, or at least hold our own. We cannot beat them in any game that requires the American farmers to live as the Italian laborers live who till the fertile soil of the plains of South America. Nor should our farmers abandon the field to any competitors, however formidable. In other words, we should by no means consider the possibility of no longer cultivating wheat. But we should cultivate it more wisely.

There are farms in the Eastern part of this country on which wheat has been cultivated every year for a hundred and fifty years. On many of these farms this crop has been grown for twenty years past at an actual loss. On such farms it would probably be wiser to give up the growth of wheat, or at least to reduce the acreage to very small dimensions. Where a crop is no longer profitable to sell in the market, it is not profitable to grow in larger quantities than for home-consumption. If ordinary farmers strove to do no more than this they would not feel the loss, nor would they feel the competition with the large wheat-growers of the new West and the newer South. A farmer with ten persons to feed needs for their sustenance fifty bushels a year. If he grows more than that at a loss he proves himself a poor business man. Let him give up a losing rivalry with the great wheat-raisers of the West, and with the "breechesless Dagos" of Argentine, and confine his attention to other things—to the hardy vegetables that are needed in the ever-growing cities, to fruits and to grass, and to the grain that is needed for the food for the stock which should range the pastures now given over to wheat and to rye, which of late years he has always sold at a loss.

Even if the wheat acreage be greatly reduced through considerations of prudence, we shall still need at home a vast deal, something like 330,000,000 bushels this year, and probably twice that much in twenty years from now. And we shall still need, even when the fields of the Argentine Republic supply all that they can, to send wheat to Europe. Therefore we must always be a great wheat-producing country; but there can be no good reason to grow more than wise prudence will dictate. When another generation than this shall hold the plough in the furrows of the old farms, wheat-growing even in the East may again be profitable, for the time will come when fertilizers will be needed in the West, as they are now needed in the East, and the bad tillage of the South American fields is sure quickly to exhaust their present wonderful fertility. American farmers, in the cultivation of wheat, should be careful in the present and hopeful for the future.

JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE.

JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE, the historian and essayist, died in England the 20th of October, in his seventy-seventh year. Students of history have many criticisms to make as to Froude's methods of historical presentation, and general readers are much divided as to the taste displayed by him in giving publication to some of the things left by his friend and mentor Carlyle, but all are agreed that he was one of the most picturesque writers and greatest masters of style of this century. As a historian he has been called an impressionist, a romanticist, a hero-worshipper, and even a falsifier of well-authenticated facts, but, notwithstanding all this, as a writer he never failed to so construct the dead characters of history and to so clothe them in the habiliments, each of his time, that they seemed to live again in his pages, and his readers became acquainted with actual personalities, and not merely with the rattling skeletons of the museum of history.



THE LATE JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE.

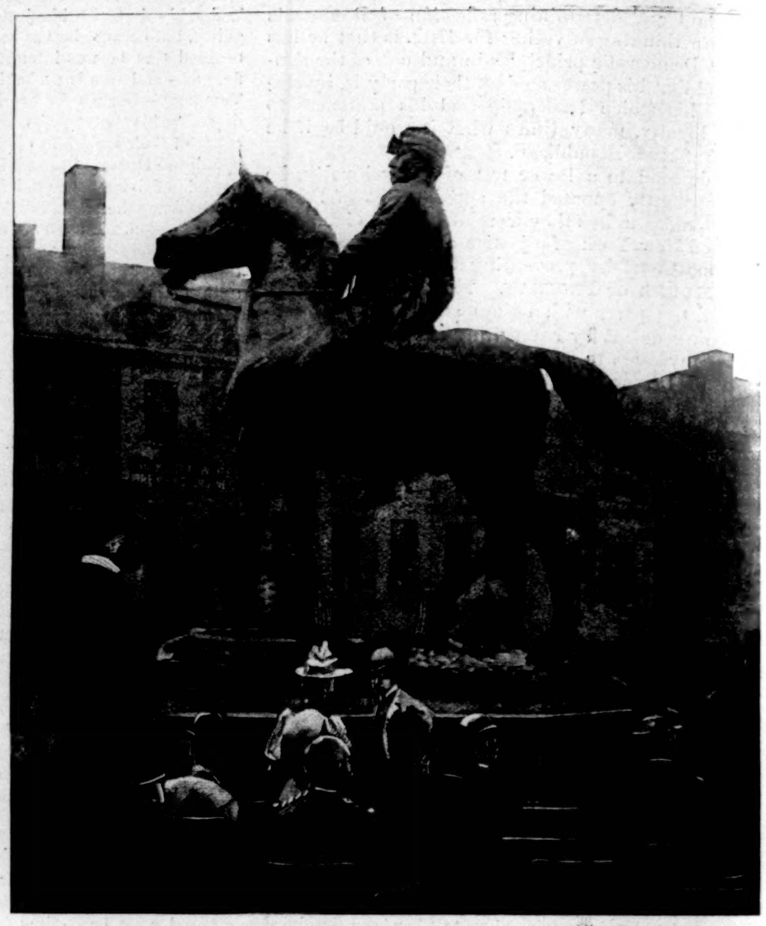
His fascinating picturesqueness offended those who, like Freeman, wanted none but well-authenticated facts presented in a historical narrative, and he was assailed by them, and by the leader of their school of dry-as-dust realism, with an angry insistence which grew angrier with the years; for Froude never answered them. But he had an ample revenge in his succession to Freeman's post, when the latter died, as Regius Professor of History in Oxford University.

He was also the most abused man in England when he gave to the world Carlyle's *Reminiscences*. In all probability he had definite enough instructions from Carlyle to warrant him in all that he published; but it is more than likely that Froude did not take enough into account, as an editor, the indecision of an old man who had himself in a measure lost a nice sense in selection. Froude's performance of the task of literary executor of Carlyle is another illustration of the well-proved truth that intimate friends and relations are, as a rule, the least wise persons to act as editors of the literary remains and letters of a great man passed away. The notable exceptions to this rule are not sufficient to affect its general force. However painful these "Reminiscences" may have been to many still living when they were published, there was in them much very interesting reading for the general public.

Froude's historical antecedents may be said to have been Herodotus, Hume, Prescott, and Macaulay. Macaulay said that some history was written in this way: "A little exaggeration, a little suppression, a judicious use of epithets, a watchful and searching scepticism with respect to the evidence on one side, a convenient credulity with respect to every report or tradition on the other, may easily make a saint of Laud or a tyrant of Henry IV." This is valid against both Macaulay and Froude, and, severe though the indictment sounds, it does not prove that those who in a small measure employ the method are not fitted to write history. We want history to be as accurate as possible, to be sure, but, above all things, we wish the characters of history to live. Dead men tell no tales, it is said. Nor do they give us lessons worth the learning.

Froude's father was Archdeacon of Totnes, and his brother, Richard Hurrell Froude, was prominent in the Tractarian movement at Oxford started by Cardinal Newman before he left the English for the Roman Church. Froude's early views were much influenced by the opinions of Newman, but in his manhood he came under the influence of Carlyle. He prepared for the Church, and was ordained a deacon. In 1844 he published his first work, *The Lives of the English Saints*. In a very few years there was a radical change in his views, and his book *The Nemesis of Faith*, which appeared in 1848, created a great commotion. The author was forced to resign his fellowship of Exeter College, and obliged to give up an appointment to Tasmania, and the man who might almost have been expected to follow Newman into the Roman Catholic Church was, a few years later, generally regarded as an enemy of all revealed religion. But in later life his attitude towards religion was one of indifference rather than hostility. After quitting Oxford, Froude wrote for the literary periodicals, and in 1856 published the first two volumes of his *History of England from the Fall of Wolsey to the Defeat of the Spanish Armada*. The following ten volumes were issued now and again till 1870, when the last came forth. Each succeeding volume provoked the kind of criticism just alluded to. In the mean time he had published his *Short Studies on Great Subjects*, which proved a most popular and fascinating book. In 1869 he was installed Rector of St. Andrews, and received the degree of LL.D. He was editor of *Fraser's Magazine* for a little while, and in 1872 took advantage of the clerical disability act and resigned his deaconate in the English Church. Shortly after this he came to America, and delivered a course of lectures on the relations between England and Ireland. He endeavored to show that the distress in Ireland was the fault of Irishmen, and of course he again provoked criticism, which was something in the nature of assault. During the past twenty years he has been most industrious, and has published many historical studies and essays. In these short works, well suited for magazine publication, he was unapproached by any of his contemporaries. He wrote novels, too, and though he had not a great gift in this art, his literary skill enabled him to do more than respectable work in *The Two Chiefs of Dunboy*. His last published work, *The Life of Erasmus*, was made up of lectures delivered in Oxford in 1892-3. His *Oceanica*, printed ten years ago, was made up from a diary kept by him on a journey in Australia and New Zealand and through the United States. It is a most charming narrative.

JNO. GILMER SPEED.



IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE UNVEILING OF THE STATUE OF GENERAL McCLELLAN AT PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER 24TH.—[SEE PAGE 1039.]

THE NEW COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY.

THE ruling thought in the new establishment of Columbia University on the heights west of Morningside Park, in this city, is that it is to be the permanent quarters of the institution.

The site is a rocky plateau 150 feet above the Hudson, extending north from West 116th to 120th Street—960 feet; and west from Amsterdam Avenue, which separates it from Morningside Park, to the Boulevard—775 feet. This plot rounds up in the centre to a gentle eminence, upon which will stand the Library, surrounded by a quadrangle of imposing halls, dormitories, and faculty buildings, with an open campus in the rear. Work has already been begun, and the trustees hope to be able to open the session in the new quarters in the fall of 1896.

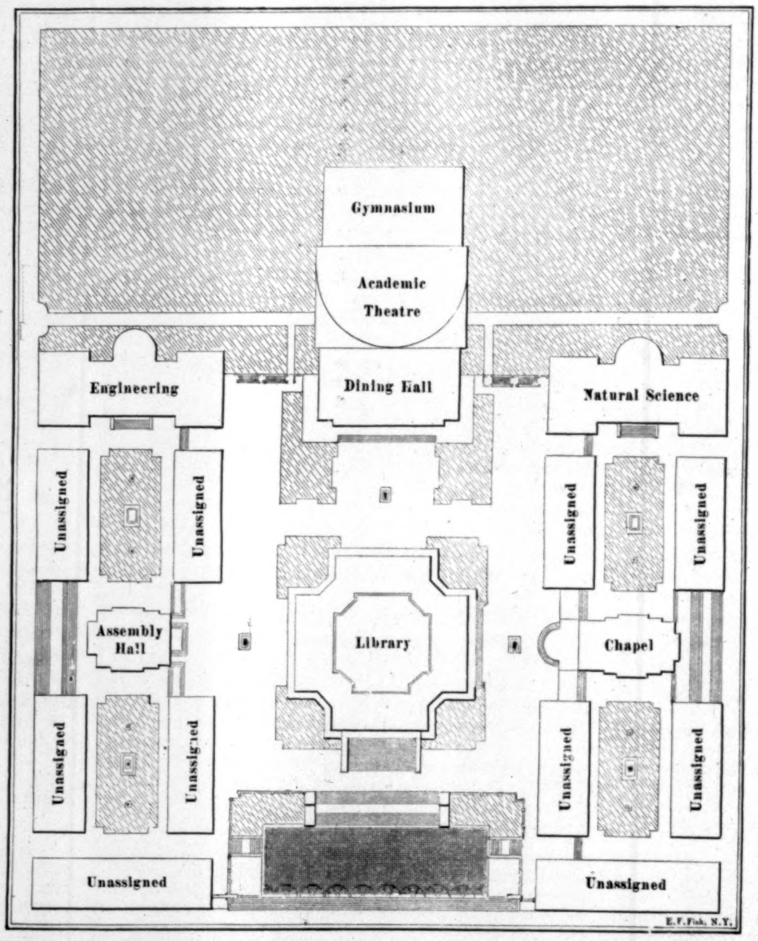
The first structure will be the basement of the rear portion of the university building at the northern end of the quadrangle, where the engines that will supply the power needed for heating, lighting, water-supply, etc., will be installed. This building will contain in front the dining-hall, of great size and height. Behind it, in the centre of the building, will be a theatre, classic Greek in design, seating 2500, and useful for all the public functions of the university, such as Commencement exercises, etc. Behind its stage, occupying the northern end of the great building, will be the gymnasium. These three may be thrown together by opening wide doorways. A sunken road will lead from the Boulevard to Amsterdam Avenue, underneath the building, past a carriage entrance to the theatre, and will admit all fuel and delivery wagons. Freight will be delivered at an office here, and sent thence to the service elevators in each building, through tunnels that will penetrate all the basements.

After the completion of the power-house the energies of the builders will be devoted to the Library, which will stand upon a slightly superior central height, and will overtop all other roofs, so that from whatever direction it is viewed the whole group of buildings will swell up towards its dome. It will face the south, and be approached by flights of steps and terraces hundreds of feet wide at the bottom and narrowing to the width of the great portico at the top.

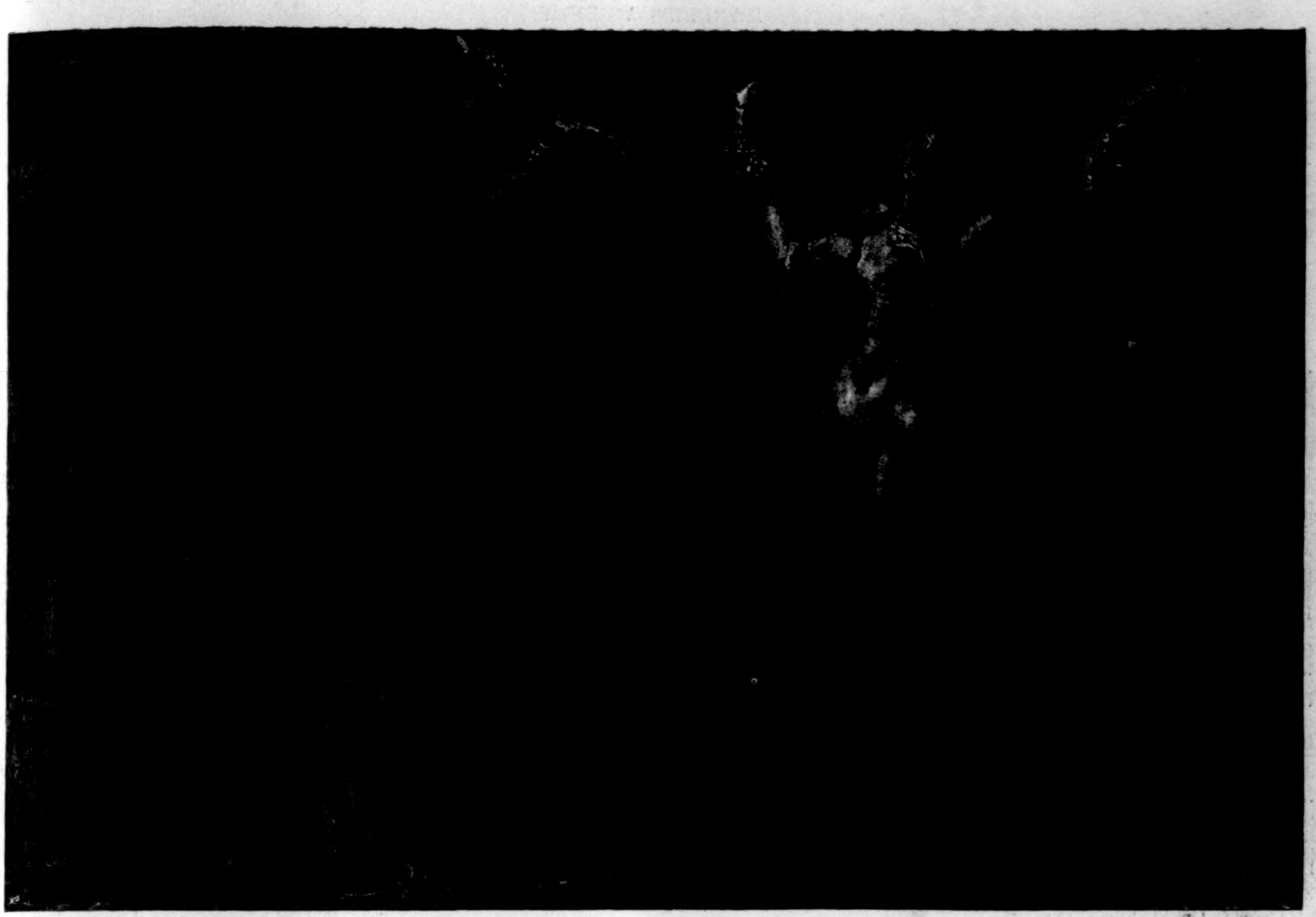
This building will have the form of a Greek cross, 172 feet square. Its façade is a portico of eight very lofty Corinthian columns, carrying a classic entablature and pediment, and surmounted by a dome similar to that of the Pantheon. The details correspond with classic unity and simplicity to this general design, which will form one of the most noteworthy and beautiful buildings in America. It is to be hoped that white marble may be used throughout.

The interior of the Library has been most carefully planned, and 1,500,000 books can ultimately be accommodated. The space under the dome, lighted by four vast clerestory windows, will be devoted to a general reading-room, the books being arranged in alcoves in the right and left wings, while the law library will have the north wing. Between the alcoves and the side windows will be spaces capable of being shut off by sliding partitions for alcove students.

The next buildings to be constructed will be those on the northern corners of the quadrangle, devoted to the School of Mines and to other departments requiring laboratories. Next to these, flanking and supporting architecturally the splendid Library, will be the Assembly Hall on one side and the Chapel on the other. Assembly Hall is a building for the headquarters of the social life of the students, for the literary societies, the musical clubs, the college papers, etc. The remainder of the quadrangle will be devoted to dormitories, the Museum, and other buildings.



GENERAL PLAN OF GROUNDS AND BUILDINGS OF THE NEW COLUMBIA COLLEGE.



"HE GRASPED THE SIDE OF THE EASEL WITH ONE HAND, AND WITH THE OTHER STABBED AND CUT THE FIGURE IN FIFTY PLACES."

THE JUDGMENT BOOKS.

BY E. F. BENSON.

CHAPTER IV.

MARGERY left early next morning on a visit to her sister, who had taken a house for the summer near the Lizard, with the idea of being near the Trevors, though, as a matter of fact, the ingenious and tortuous course pursued by the Cornish lines made it a shorter day's journey by carriage than by railway. Frank had not begun his work before she left, but promised to do as he was told, and work not more than seven hours a day, and not less than four. He had quite recovered his equanimity, and spoke of the portrait without fear or despair.

"But I tell you, Margy," he said, "that I can only do what I can do, and if you find a convict staring at you on your return, it is my misfortune, not my fault."

It was already nearly dark when Margy reached home on the next evening, and not seeing Frank about the house, nor in the garden, went to the studio, though it was far too late for painting.

"Frank," she said, opening the door, "are you there?"

A long figure sprang off the sofa, and almost ran across the room to her, half smothering her in caresses.

"Oh, Margy, I'm so glad you've come," he said—"so glad! You don't know what it has been without you. Margy, promise you will not go away again till it is finished. You won't go away again, will you?"

"Why, Frank, what is the matter? Have you seen a ghost, or what?"

"The place is full of ghosts," said Frank. "But there won't be any more now you've come. Let's go out away from here."

"But I want to see the portrait first," said Margy, looking round. "Where is it, Frank?"

"It's there behind the easel, with its face to the wall. Don't look at it to-night, Margy. You can't see it by this light."

"No, I know I can't," said Margy; "but I only just want to peep at it to see that it is getting on."

"No, please don't to-night," said Frank.

"Oh, very well," said Margy. "I don't mind waiting till to-morrow. Is it good?"

"Come out of this place, dear," said he, "and I'll tell you about it."

Outside, the west was still luminous with the sunken sun, and as they stepped on to the terrace Margy turned to look at Frank. He seemed horribly tired and anxious, his face was paler than usual, and there were deep shades beneath his eyes.

"Frank, you've been working all day, and not going out," she exclaimed.

"Yes, I know I have; I couldn't help it. But never mind that now. Ah, how beautiful it is! I wish I was a landscape-painter; it is so much safer."

"Now, Frank, tell me the truth. Have you been out since I left you yesterday morning?"

"No."

"You've been working all day?"

"Yes."

"Oh, you really are too annoying!" said Margy, with an impatient little stamp of her foot. "You get yourself into bad health by overworking and taking no exercise. You've got the family liver, you know; and then you tell me the house is full of ghosts, and conjure up all sorts of absurd fancies about losing your personality. It is too bad."

"I'll leave the picture alone altogether, if you like," said Frank, quickly. "I'll tear it up, if you wish, and go for a holiday."

"No, no," cried Margy. "That's just what you won't do. You've had two months' holiday already. But that is no reason why you should work like a lunatic. Of course any one can go mad if they like; it is only a question of whether you think you are going too."

"It's wonderful," said Frank, suddenly stopping short. "It's me. I can't think why I loathe it so."

"You loathe it because you've been working at it in a ridiculous manner," said Margy. "To-morrow I regulate your day for you. I shall leave you your morning to yourself, and after lunch we go up some of those little creeks where we went two years ago. Come in now. It's nearly dinner-time."

When they were alone they often sat in the studio after dinner, but to-night, when Margery proposed it, Frank said at once that he would much rather not. He had behaved quite naturally all the evening, except that he had shown an aversion to being left alone. But the painting of a portrait was always rather a trying time for him, and often before Margery had noticed the same thing, though Frank's explanation of it did not seem the least satisfactory.

"When one paints," he had said to her once, "one is much more exposed to other influences. Your soul is, as it were, on the surface, and I want some one near me who will keep an eye on it; and I like to have your eye on me, Margery. When religious people have been to church or to a revivalist meeting, you know, they are much more susceptible to what they see in the way of suffering, or sin, or holiness; that is just because their souls are on the surface. It is very unwise to go and see a lot of strange people when you are in that state; no one knows what influence they may have on you. But I know what influence you have on me."

"I wish I could make you a little less silly," Margery had replied.

Margery went to bed quite happy in her mind. She was not naturally of an anxious disposition, and there was nothing in Frank's behavior different in kind from what she had often seen before. He always got excited and nervous over a picture which he really gave himself up to, and though his childlike desire to be with her when he was not working was a little more accentuated than usual, she drew the very natural conclusion that he was more interested than usual in his work.

Frank got up, as his custom was, very early next morning, and went straight to the studio, and Margery, keeping to the promise she had made the night before, did not go to him till a little after one. She had not seen him at breakfast, so she supposed he had eaten his breakfast there. But it was with a certain sense of relief that she heard the clock strike one, and shutting up the book she was reading, she went to the studio.

Frank was standing with his back to the door, and did not look up when she entered, and she came up behind him, and saw what he had wished her not to see the night before, and understood why.

He always worked with great rapidity, and though, of course, the picture was not nearly finished, yet in a rough sort of way the general effect, she felt, was the effect that the finished picture would have. "The idea" was recorded.

She gave a sudden start and a little cry of pain, as sharp as the cry of physical pain, for the meaning of that first rough sketch, which had puzzled her, was now worked out, and she saw before her the face of a guilty man. It was the face of a man who has wilfully stifled certain nobler impulses for something less worthy; there was nothing mean or low about it, but it was fallen, and when she turned to look at Frank she saw that he had in the portrait seized on something that stared from every line of his features.

"Ah, Frank," she cried, "but what has happened? It is horrible, and you, you are horrible too."

Frank did not seem to hear, for he went on painting, but she heard him murmur below his breath,

"Yes, horrible, horrible."

"Frank," she said again, with her voice in control, "leave off painting at once, and look at me."

This time he heard. His hand, holding a brush just filled with paint, dropped nervelessly to his side, and the brush slid from his fingers on to the floor.

In that moment his face changed; the hard guilty lines softened, and his whole expression meant that of a frightened child.

"Ah, Margy," he cried. "What is the matter? What have I been doing?"

Margery took hold of the side of the easel-frame, which ran on casters, and wheeled it round.

"You've been working long enough," she said, "and you are coming out for a bit."

"Yes, that will be nice," said Frank, picking up the brush he had dropped, and examining it. "Why, it is quite full of paint," he said.

"Yes, dear; you usually paint with dry brushes, don't you?" said Margy.

"Oh, I've been painting all morning, so I have," said Frank, and his eye wandered to the easel which Margy had turned away.

"No, you've just got to let it alone," said Margy, guessing his intention. "You're not going to work any more till afternoon."

Frank passed his hand over his eyes.

"I'm rather tired," he said. "I think I won't go for a walk. I'll sit down here if you will stop with me."

"Very good; we'll have a bit of a talk."

"I've been to sleep, I think," said Frank, presently, "and I've had bad dreams—horrid dreams."

"Did he have nasty dreams, then?" she asked, sympathetically. "He shall tell me all about them."

"I was wondering all the time whether I ought to go on with that portrait or not. I thought—"

"You shall go on with it, Frank. I tell you that you must," broke in Margy, suddenly, afraid of letting herself agree with him.

"You don't understand," said Frank. "I know that I am running a certain risk if I do. It was that risk I dreamed about all morning. I thought I was in danger all the time. I ran the risk of losing myself, or of becoming something quite different to what I am. I run the risk of losing you, myself, all I care for, except my art."

"Art with a big A, dear?" asked Margy.

"With the very biggest A."

"Go on, and be much more explicit."

"I know you think it is all absurd," said Frank, "but it is not so. When I paint a picture you think the net result is I plus a picture, instead of I alone. When I say a picture you know what I mean. But you are wrong. There is only I just as before, and inasmuch as there is a picture, there is less of the I here in my clothes."

"Go on," said Margery.

"Well, have I got any right to do it? In other pictures it has not mattered, because one recuperates by degrees, and one doesn't put all one's self into it. But if I do this picture I shall put all I am into it, and what will happen to this thing here" (he pointed to himself) "I can't say. All the time I was painting that thought was with me, as if it had been written in fire on my brain. Have I got any business to run risks which I can't estimate? I know I have a certain duty to perform to you and to other human beings, and is it right for me to risk all that for a painted thing? You shall decide."

Margery stood up, leaning with her hands on the edge of the table.

"Listen to me, Frank," she said. "As you said just now, you know nothing of what risk you run. All you do know is that it is, as you believe, and as I believe, in your power to do something very great, if you go on with that picture. All these ideas of yours are quite foolish, and extremely like you. By finishing that picture you may perhaps get to see that you have some very silly notions in your stupid old head, and you will get rid of them, and have painted an admirable portrait. If you lose that part of your personality I sha'n't be at all sorry. In fact, it will be the best thing that could possibly happen to you. There! Now you've worked enough for the present, and we'll go for a stroll, because it's nicer out-of-doors than in here; and then we'll have lunch; and then, if you're good, you may work another hour or two in the afternoon."

Frank got up at once, with unusual docility. As a rule, he scowled and snarled when he was taken away from his work, and made himself very objectionable. This uncommon state of things made Margery wonder.

"Well, why don't you say you'll be blessed if you come?" she asked.

"No; I'm quite willing to come," said he. "Why shouldn't I come?"

He got up, and turning round, he suddenly caught sight of the easel. Before Margy could stop him he made two quick steps towards it and turned it round. In a moment his mood changed.

"Do you see that?" he said. "That's what I was all the morning, when I knew I oughtn't to go on painting. Ah, wait a minute, Margery. I just want to finish a little bit I was working at."

His face grew suddenly pale, and that look of guilt descended on it like a mist, blotting out the features.

"That's what you are making of me," he said. "Give me my palette. Quick! I sha'n't be a minute!"

But Margery had caught up, as she often had done before, his palette and brushes from the table where he had left them, and fled to the door.

"Give me them at once," shouted Frank, holding out his hand for them, but still looking at the picture.

Margery looked at him a moment, unutterably puzzled and dismayed. Then she broke into a light laugh.

"Oh, Frank, you look exactly like Irving in *Macbeth* when he says, 'This is a sorry sight'; and it is, too."

At the sound of her voice he turned, and again the look of guilt faded from his face.

"What have I been saying?" he asked.

"You said, 'Give me the daggers.' Come out here at once, Frank, and I will give them up."

Frank walked obediently up to her as she stood in the entrance to the next room; and as soon as he was well out of the studio she banged the door and stood in front of it triumphantly.

"Here are the daggers," she said; "but you are coming for a stroll with me now. You are going to finish that picture, but not like a madman. You shall work four hours in the morning and two in the afternoon; and if you look like Macbeth again, I shall behave like Lady Macbeth, and go walking in my sleep, and flooding the bath-room in order to wash my hands properly. March!"

CHAPTER V.

FRANK and Margery wandered about the woods till lunch-time, and in the afternoon went down to the river and cruised about in a little boat, exploring, as they had explored a hundred times before, the unexpected but well-known little creeks which ran up between the hummocks of the land, shut in and shadowed by the delicately leaved beech-trees. When the tide flowed it was possible to get some way up into these wooded retreats, and by remaining very still, or going quickly and silently round a corner, you could sometimes catch sight of a kingfisher flashing up from the shallows, and darting up the lane of flecked sunlight like a jewel flung through the air.

Margery was surprised to find how great the relief of getting Frank away from the picture was. The guilty look on the portrait's face, and, more than that, the knowledge that it was a terribly true realization of her husband's expression, disturbed her more than she liked to admit even to herself.

But, at any rate, she had Frank with her now, as she had known him and loved him all their life together. He was rather silent, and often when Margery turned from her place in the bow—where she was looking out for concealed snags and roots in the water—to him as he punted the boat quietly along, she saw him standing still, pole in hand, looking at her, and when their eyes met he smiled.

"It's like that first evening we were here, Margy, isn't it?" he said, on one of these occasions. "Do you remember, we got here on a September morning, after travelling from London all night, and after lunch we came up to this very creek?"

"Yes, Frank. And I feel just as I did then."

"What did you feel?"

"Why—why, that I had got you all to myself at last, and that I did not care about anything else."

Frank ran the boat into a little hollow made in the side of the creek by a small stream, now nearly summer-dry, and came and sat down on the bank just above her.

"Margy, dear, I want to ask you something," he said—"about that picture, you know. All this morning, as I told you, I knew I ought not to go on with it. I thought of that afternoon we spent here before, and knew that I was sacrificing that. That was the day and the place which were most fixed in my mind, and now we are here in the same place, and on just such another day, let us talk about it."

"Oh, Frank, don't be a coward," said Margy, appealingly. "You know exactly what I think about it. Of course all my inclination goes with you, but—but—"

She raised herself from the boat, and laid her hand on his knee.

"Frank, you know that, don't you? There is nothing in the world that I would weigh against that; but we must be reasonable. If you had a presentiment that you would be drowned as we sailed home, I should very likely be dreadfully uncomfortable, if your presentiment was really strong, but I wouldn't have you walk back instead for anything. It is for your sake, not for mine, I want you to go on with it. If I followed my inclination I should say, 'Tear it up, and let us sit here for ever and ever.'"

"Margy, tell me to tear it up; ah, do, my dear, and we will do whatever you wish. Only tell me to destroy it."

Margy shook her head hopelessly.

"Don't disappoint me, Frank," she said. "I care for nothing in the world compared to you; but what reason could I give for doing this? Why, it would just show that I didn't care for you a bit. It isn't the pleasant course I am taking—that wasn't a pleasant look on your face when you shouted at me to give you your palette."

"What did I do?" asked he—"shouted at you?"

"Yes, dear, awfully loud; and you looked like Macbeth. It is just because I don't want you to look like Macbeth permanently that I insist on your going on with it. That fantastic idea of yours that you would run a risk was the original cause of it, and when you have finished the picture, and seen that you have run no risk, you will see that I was right."

Frank stood up.

"To-morrow may be too late," he said. "Do you really tell me to go on with it?"

"Frank, dear, don't be melodramatic. You were just as nice as you could be all the way up here. Yes, I tell you to go on with it."

Frank dropped the hand he had raised in declamation, and stood quite still. The leaves whispered on the trees, and the water tapped against the side of the boat. Then for a moment the breeze dropped, and the boat swung round into the current. The little ripples made no sound against it, and there was silence—tense, absolute silence.

Then Margery lay back in the boat and laughed.

"I'm sure this is one of the occasions on which we ought only to hear the beating of our own hearts; but as a matter of fact I don't. Come, Frank, don't stand there like a hop-pole."

Frank slowly let his eyes rest on her, but did not smile.

Margery waited a moment.

"Let's go a little higher up," she said; "there's plenty of water."

Frank pushed the boat out from the bank and jumped in. "I must go home," he said. "I must get on with the portrait. There's no time to lose, Margy; please let me go back at once."

"What time is it?" asked she.

"I don't know," said Frank, quickly. "I only know that if I am to finish it I must go on with it at once. Look! the sun is getting low. I shall not have more than an hour at it to-day."

"Very well."

The wind since that sudden lull had blown only fitfully by gusts, and by the time that they emerged into the broader water it had dropped altogether. Frank took up the sculls and rowed as if he was rowing a race.

"What's the matter?" asked Margy. "There is no hurry. It is not late." He paused for a moment.

"You don't understand," he said. "There is a hurry. I must get back. Oh, why can't you understand? I must have you or it; and you—you have given me up."

"Frank, what do you mean?" asked poor Margery.

"You have given me up for it—it, that painted thing you saw—that—that— Margery, do listen to me just once. You don't understand, dear; but I don't mind that; only trust me. I only want you to tell me to stop painting."

"What is the matter with you?" she said, wonderingly. "Why do you speak to me like that? What nonsense it all is! I really can't advise you to give it up, because I think it much better that you should go on with it."

"Yes, I know you think it's nonsense," said Frank; "that's just the way with you. Everything you don't understand you think is absurd."

"Do you understand it yourself?"

"No, of course I don't. Art isn't frightened of things art understands."

"Well, it's no use being frightened of things one knows nothing of," said Margy. "You see, I believe it will do you all the good in the world to get it finished, and I really can't advise you not to do it. When will it be done?"

"The part that is important," said Frank, slowly, "will be done to-morrow evening."

He took up the oars and rowed on again in silence. Margy was sitting in the stern, wondering whether Frank had better see a doctor. That he was in good health two days ago she was certain, but she knew perfectly well that the mind can react upon the body. However, she had decided that the best cure for his mind was to finish the picture, and she determined to let things be. It was only till to-morrow evening, and then....

The grating of the boat on the shingle roused her, and Frank jumped out and drew it more to inland.

"Where did you say Armitage was?" he asked.

"At Newquay."

"I wish he hadn't gone away. I want him to see this very much. He is such a scoffer at all that I believe. Perhaps I might convince him a little."

Margy felt relieved at the suggestion. The presence of another person in the house would be a good thing. She knew the absolute necessity of keeping her own nerves in perfect order, and there is nothing so contagious as disordered nerves.

"He said he would come back if I wrote to him," she said. "Shall I write?"

"Yes, do; or telegraph, so that he can get here to-morrow morning."

Frank left her on the terrace, and went to the studio.

"I shall come to you as soon as it begins to get dark," said Margy, "and see how it is getting on. I will send the telegram at once."

She was very unwilling to confess, even to herself, that she was at all uneasy, but the thought of Armitage coming was, without doubt, very grateful to her. She had never from a child been disposed to fear the unknown. As a child she had never seen reason to suppose that bandits and mangled corpses lurked in dark cupboards, and she would have required ocular proof of their presence in such places to treat such a possibility seriously, whereas Frank had always assumed that they were there, until a candle had made it clear that they were not. There are certain advantages in not having an imaginative mind. Consequently, now, inasmuch as she had not ever seen or heard of an artist going mad or his spiritual form being in any way disturbed by painting his own portrait, she was not inclined to think that this particular artist was going to experience anything which was not common to the race, and she put down her slight uneasiness to the contagion derived from her own disordered nerves. In such a case she decided that Armitage's presence would be a distinct gain.

She busied herself with ordinary household duties till it began to get dusk, and then went to the studio. The room was already growing dark, though a dull gleam from the west still shone in at the window.

Frank was standing just opposite the door, on the other side of the room, with his face turned towards her, standing, as he so often stood, with his hands buried in his coat pockets, leaning against the wall.

"Why, Frank," she said, "you can't paint by this light!"

Something stirring at her elbow made her turn round quickly. Frank was sitting in a deep chair in the shadow, staring blankly before him.

She had mistaken the portrait for her husband.

For a moment neither of them spoke or moved. Then Frank got out of the chair where he was sitting, and crossed the room to where that horrible fac-simile of himself leaned against the wall, and putting himself unconsciously, Margy felt, into the same attitude, turned towards her.

"Do you see how like we are?" he said, speaking slowly, as if he had some difficulty in finding the words. "No wonder you mistook it for me. You cannot see it properly in this light; by daylight the likeness is even more remarkable. Is it not clever of me to have painted such a picture? There is no picture like it in the world."

Frank paused, but Margy said nothing.

"There were some things about me you did not know before—things which were part of me, vital to me," he went on. "You can see them now, can you not, in the portrait's face, and in mine—clearest in mine—but still, quite clear enough in the other. They say that heavy firing over water brings corpses to the surface. That may or may not be true; but I at least have brought my corpses to the surface. Are they not pretty? I wonder if they will go on floating there always? Perhaps one would get tired even of corpses if one had to see them always, if one could see nothing else. Do you remember last Sunday in church, Margy, when Greenock read about the books being opened, and every man being judged by what was written in them? By-the-way, Mrs. Greenock writes sonnets. He said she was an accomplished sonneteer. Well, do you know what those books are? They are nothing else than the faces of the men who are being judged. That is my book you see painted there. I wrote it all myself, every line of it from beginning to end. Why did you want to see it so much? It is not a nice book. I wish now I had never written it. *The Life and Adventures of Frank Trevor.* But there are some chapters I cannot remember—the chapters you and I wrote together, about— Do you remember what they were? There was one chapter about the little creek where we went to-day."

Frank stopped and looked about the room as if he was searching for something. Margy went to him quickly, and laid her hand on his shoulder.

"Frank, dear," she said, speaking in her natural voice, "do you remember that you asked me whether I really wished you to go on with the picture? Well, I come to tell you that I have changed my mind. I think you had better leave it alone altogether. Tear it up, burn it. It is not good. And when you have done that we will go and find those chapters you spoke of, which we wrote together. I have them all quite safe. They are none of them lost."

For a moment a look of intense relief came over Frank's face. Even in the darkness Margy could see that it had utterly changed. She glanced with horror at the portrait, which but a moment before had been the reflection of his face. But almost immediately he shook his head.

"No; I must finish it now," he said. "There is very little more to do to it. I have worked very quickly to-night. Just one thing wants doing; one line by the left eye is not quite right yet. Don't you see what I mean? No, it is too dark for you to see it now, though I can see it quite clearly. I wish I could explain to you what I mean. Don't you see it is I who stand there on that easel? This thing here is nearly dead. It's like Pygmalion, isn't it, only the other way round? He made his statue come to life, but I have put my life into that picture. Of course the story of Pygmalion is true. I could have done that once; it is easier than what I have done now."

"Yes, dear," said Margy, quietly. "I knew this would be a wonderful thing. But it is too dark to look at it now. Let us come away, and we will find those chapters you spoke of. I have got them all, I tell you. They seem to me very good—quite as good as those chapters you have written there."

They went out together, and Margy drew her arm through Frank's, and all her soul went out into that touch. For one moment she felt Frank's arm tremble under the loving press of her fingers, but he said nothing.

"How hot it is!" she said. "There will be a storm to-morrow. Let us sit down here, and I will tell you what you have forgotten."

"Those other chapters, you mean?" asked Frank.

"Yes, dear. They are very short. Just this, Frank: that I loved you, and love you none the less now. I saw what your fear was: it was fear for me, not for yourself. You thought that if you painted this you would have to put into it something I did not know, something you were afraid of my knowing. But the chapters we wrote together are still true; they are the truest part of it all. Your picture is not complete. It wants the most essential part of all."

Once more she felt that tremor go through him. Her slender chance was not hopeless yet. But still he said nothing.

"You told me I did not understand what you meant; but I understand it now. But you did not understand me either if you thought that anything could make any difference to my feelings for you. We have all of us in our natures something not nice to look at; but what we stand or fall by is our beautiful chapters. You cannot destroy that, Frank, because they belong to me as well as you, and I will not have them destroyed. You thought you had lost them, but you have not; they are here. You may read them now with me."

Margy paused, and on the silence came the sudden quick-drawn breath that opens the gates of tears. In another moment she felt Frank's arms round her, and his hands clasped about her neck.

"Margy, Margy," he whispered, "you have got them still, even now! Now you know what I did not dare tell you. But what can I do? My judgment book is there. How can that not be part of it?"

"Do you remember what you said?" asked Margy. "Did you not tell me that you loathed what you were painting? Why did you loathe it?"

"Why did I loathe it? Why, because it was what it was—something horrible—wretched!"

"Let's go to the studio," said Margy.

At the door she paused, and took out of her pocket a knife. Then she opened the door, and lit a candle. Opposite them stood the work of the last week.

"You must see what you are doing," said Margy, and she went up to the picture, candle in hand, and held out the knife to Frank.

He took the knife from her hand, and stood looking at the picture a moment.

"You devil, you devil!" he said, and next moment he had thrust the knife through the face. He grasped the side of the easel with one hand, and with the other stabbed and cut the figure in fifty places. The torn shreds he ripped off, and threw them on the ground, trampling on them, or picking them up to tear them again, and in a few moments all that was left was a few threads hanging from the frame.

THE END.

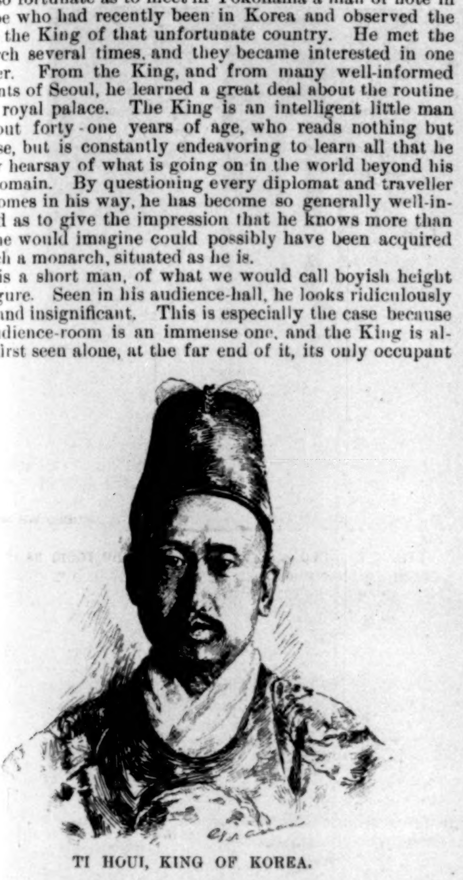
KOREA'S UNEASY KING.

Special Correspondence from the East.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

MANY travellers now on their way to China and the East were so fortunate as to meet in Yokohama a man of note in Europe who had recently been in Korea and observed the life of the King of that unfortunate country. He met the monarch several times, and they became interested in one another. From the King, and from many well-informed residents of Seoul, he learned a great deal about the routine in the royal palace. The King is an intelligent little man of about forty-one years of age, who reads nothing but Chinese, but is constantly endeavoring to learn all that he can by hearsay of what is going on in the world beyond his own domain. By questioning every diplomat and traveller who comes in his way, he has become so generally well-informed as to give the impression that he knows more than any one would imagine could possibly have been acquired by such a monarch, situated as he is.

He is a short man, of what we would call boyish height and figure. Seen in his audience-hall, he looks ridiculously small and insignificant. This is especially the case because the audience-room is an immense one, and the King is always first seen alone, at the far end of it, its only occupant



TI HOUI, KING OF KOREA.

except the little table beside which he always stands when holding a levee or granting an audience. The gentleman who gave me these facts about him says that when he was first presented to the King he was walking, erect and unabashed, into the great chamber along with many nobles and courtiers, who were advancing with bent heads and outstretched arms. Suddenly my informant stumbled and all but turned a somersault over the man in front of him. That man and all the others had, without warning, flung themselves upon their knees, in readiness to bump their heads the requisite number of times upon the floor before his Majesty. The action was so swift and silent that it was a wonder the European did not make a leap-frog jump into the royal presence. An interpreter was provided, and to him the King spoke. The King and the European were the only persons present who held up their heads. All the Koreans held their heads at right angles with their bodies, and looked fixedly at the floor.

In that attitude the interpreter heard all that the King said, and translated it to the European, translating back again whatsoever was said in reply. It was interesting to note the intelligence behind all his questions, and then to reflect that of actual knowledge of the world the King has less than a child of a dozen years at home. In all his life he has never been farther from Seoul than fifteen miles—a distance traversed once when he went to certain tombs of his ancestors. He spends his life in his palace and the grounds or garden that adjoin it. Five times a year it is his custom and duty to visit certain temples in the city of Seoul in order to celebrate religious festivals. These are the only breaches in the monotony of his elegant imprisonment in his palace.

On such occasions the King fancies that he sees his capital, but he does not. He is of the opinion that he knows Seoul as well as his courtiers know it, whereas, in fact, he knows nothing of it except as it is prepared for him on those especial days. The city is a very large one, having a wall of eighteen to twenty miles in length. It contains half a million souls. Of all this he has seen but one street—the main road that runs across the city. This street or avenue is sixty yards wide, and is the only wide presentable thoroughfare in Seoul. Across and out of it run hundreds of little narrow dirty lanes that form a labyrinthian net-work of filthy thoroughfares, solidly walled with tenements, and swarming with people. Of these the King knows nothing. Before he traverses the broad main highway it is all cleared and swept and garnished for his coming, so that he does not even know what that street is really like. On all other days it is reduced to a width of about twenty feet, all the rest of its great width being filled with a clutter of stalls and booths and stands, which the soldiery clear away whenever the King is to make a royal progress to a temple.

The ancient glory of his out-of-door appearance has been greatly diminished within the past five years by the Europeanization, if one may call it so, of his army. The soldiers now dress in sensible and practical uniforms. But even to-day a royal procession in Seoul is by far the most extraordinary spectacle of the kind to be seen on the face of the earth. "Barnum's grand parade is nothing in comparison," says my informant, "and the Lord Mayor's pageant in London is paltry beside it." In the King's company are trumpeters and musicians, ancient bowmen in the queerest and most preposterous uniforms, banners, masks, fan-bearers, gorgeous noblemen, and all the rest that goes to make up the most splendid and fantastic Oriental pageantry. He moves about with a force of at least 2000 men, and they include every sort of functionary known to an Eastern potentate. His Majesty himself is adorned beyond the lilies in magnificence. He wears robes of purple ablaze with gold, both before and behind. He wears an extraordinary hat, and is seated in a splendid chair that is carried by sixty gorgeously clad bearers. He is sheltered by a magnificent awning or canopy of purple and gold. Strangely enough, his subjects do not prostrate themselves before him, as the subjects of the Chinese Emperor do. They stand erect, and look at him and his pageant stolidly, and with that silence that so strangely marks the behavior of all such crowds in the Orient.

The King lives in a fine large palace in Seoul, with his Queen, and six hundred or seven hundred women, the greater number of whom are, nominally at least, his wives. The Queen is his constant companion, and has ever been firmly resolved not to share her place or dignity with any other woman. She next to never leaves his side—never, it is said, without knowing where he is going and what takes him away. She is not merely his companion, but his keeper; his sole wife, despite the great number of other wives that custom declares should be his to command. It happens now and then that the King shows some interest in some other woman, or is suspected of having visited one of the Queen's satellites. Invariably in such a case the new favorite dies or flees the palace. Quite recently, it is said, the Queen was merciful to a beautiful and clever woman in the palace, and allowed her to leave the royal service and make her home elsewhere in Seoul. The King wrote to this woman, and received letters from her. Still, the Queen—whom nothing escapes—was merciful to the woman. She merely caused the man who carried the letters to and fro to be beheaded. He was an old and faithful court attendant. He was publicly executed. She is as truly King or sovereign in the palace as her husband is King elsewhere in Korea. All who are in the palace—men and women both—are her appointees. They owe their places and their gratitude to her, and understand that it is far more safe to disobey or even to anger the King than to show disrespect to her. They carry all the gossip of the palace to her, and nothing can happen within those walls without her being quickly informed of it.

The King does not go to bed at night. He stays up all night, and sleeps in the daytime. At night he and the Queen sit together, whiling the hours away by smoking tiny golden pipes of Chinese tobacco, a pealike pellet at a time. His owl-like life is a source of annoyance to the diplomats and other Europeans who have to do with him. It must be a dreadful trial to the courtiers, who are obliged to attend the King's call at the most unheard-of and smallest hours of the night. He summons the diplomatic corps to meet him at nine o'clock or ten o'clock at night, and often when these big-wigs reach the palace, suffocating in their padded liveries, they are told the King is dozing, and they must wait for him to wake up. It would cost a man his head to wake the monarch. Champagne and cigars are sent out to his visitors, but no one cares to drink champagne steadily for two or three hours as a preliminary to a formal interview with a King. When at last he does awake, and move toward the audience-hall, his attendants rush before, bent double, and uttering a strange pathetic cry. "Hoo-oo-oo! Hoo-oo-oo!" they moan as they move along, and as each new man in the halls or corridors hears the cry, he too utters it, until the whole atmosphere of the palace quivers with the mournful din of this birdlike yet soft and lugubrious refrain. This is always the case, by day and by night. Whenever and wherever the King goes his servants make this queer uncanny noise.

The King turns night into day because he is afraid of a revolution. He has experienced many in his time—three or four in the last half-dozen years. One would suppose that, when, at eight o'clock each night, the ponderous gates in the wall of Seoul are closed and locked, and the massive old keys of the gates are brought to the palace, the King would order the palace closed, and go to sleep serenely. But he knows better. He knows that conspirators are forever without the palace walls endeavoring to get in and overturn the government. He knows that they select the night-time for their revolutions. To be sure, they mean him no disrespect and no harm, and, moreover, the state officials within the palace are as watchful and alert to keep the conspirators out as the conspirators are to enter. Yet the King does not feel easy. He dislikes a revolution on account of the injury to his dignity, the disturbance of his plans, and the general bother that it puts him to. When the revolutionists make their way into the palace, they instantly behead the officers of the government they have upset.

They seek the presence of the King, prepared with a number of decrees providing whatever changes in the laws and government that they most desire. To save trouble, and because there is really nothing else to do, the King signs and seals these decrees as fast as they are offered to him. The first ones he signs always provide for the beheading of the men who have already been beheaded. Thus the conspirators legalize what they have done. In their ready-made decrees the King declares that the dead officers are traitors, and should be killed. Thus a constitutional, orderly form of government is preserved.

How the King sleeps when he retires in the daytime I have not heard, but there is a true story of a time when he tried to sleep and could not—for a very funny reason. He has as many and as expensive whims as any monarch, and, like any monarch, he is anxious to gratify as many of them as possible. Not long ago he thought he would like to live in a European house, and, as far as possible, after the European fashion. A house was built for him within the palace grounds, and he suffered the customary Asiatic "squeezing" that made the building cost him about twelve times what it cost those who built it. Finished, it was next furnished in European style. At the King's express command his bedroom was fitted with a bureau and wash-stand, chairs and rocking-chairs, and a bed that was completed with pillows, bolster, and linen sheets—all of which are things unknown to the Koreans. The King went in to take possession of his house. It was during cold weather. He undressed and popped into bed. He instantly popped out again, and sounded a yell as he did so. He had his attendants throw a blanket around him, and he fled from the house, never to enter it again. The reason was that Koreans go to bed unclad, and when the King's bare flesh went between the cold linen sheets he got a shock so great that the memory of it frightens him to this day.

BICYCLE *VERSUS* THOROUGHBRED.

THE thoroughbred race-horse is believed to be the swiftest animal on the globe. So when the king of racers, Salvator, covered a mile on a straight track at Monmouth Park on August 28, 1890, in one minute thirty-five and one-half seconds—which is still the record—he probably went the distance in less time than it was ever traversed before or since by a living creature of any kind moving unaided over the surface of the earth. Had any one at that time predicted that within five years a man on a bicycle would propel himself over the same distance on a similar or any other track in faster time than that of the thoroughbred, he would have been considered something more than merely visionary. At that time the bicyclist was competing with the trotting-horse, but that he would ever equal the runner was not dreamed of even by ultra-enthusiasts.

And yet this undreamed-of feat has now been accomplished. Since the advent of the pneumatic-tired wheel with ball bearings, records have been falling before the bicycle more rapidly than before the trotter—notwithstanding the phenomenal advances of the latter—until of late several wheelmen have been going miles below two minutes, leaving the trotter quite out of the race. But no bicyclist had come within striking distance of the speed of even an ordinary thoroughbred, until of a sudden a professional racing cyclist, John S. Johnson, the "Western wonder," took fourteen seconds off the bicycle record at a single clip, and eclipsed not only some but all thoroughbreds by riding a mile in one minute thirty-five and two-fifths seconds. The feat was accomplished over a straight track at Buffalo, New York, on October 24th. The pace-makers were four men mounted on a quadruplet machine.

Thus for the first time in the world's history a man has propelled himself a mile purely by muscular exertion faster than the muscles of any other living creature ever carried it over the earth's surface. As a triumph of human development, aided by the inventions of human ingenuity, over mere animal development this achievement is therefore unique, and worthy of record quite apart from its interest to the sportsman.

THE McCLELLAN MEMORIAL.

THE memory of Major-General George B. McClellan, the man who organized the Army of the Potomac, and the hero of the battle of Antietam, is to-day cherished with a regard which compares favorably with that given to the memories of Grant and Sherman. In the light of sober reflection the qualities of his soldiership have come to be valued more nearly at their true worth. The demonstration which attended the unveiling of the equestrian statue of him in Philadelphia on October 24th was signal proof of this, and, as a manifestation of the popular honor in which his name is held, it was most interesting. Present at the ceremonies were the Governors of a number of States, Major-General Schofield, commander-in-chief of the United States army, and two rear-admirals of the navy. But these were only the more conspicuous of a large number of distinguished men who watched the parade of over 10,000 military, including 5000 Pennsylvania militia, 700 New Jersey troops, and a long line of Grand Army veterans and members of kindred war associations. The ceremonies comprised an oration by Major-General William B. Franklin; the presentation of the statue to the city of Philadelphia by Major Moses Veale, of the McClellan Monument Association, which collected the funds for the erection of the memorial; the speech of acceptance in the city's name was made by Mayor Edwin S. Stuart; an ode composed for the occasion was sung; and the act of unveiling was signalized by a salute of seventeen guns by Battery A.

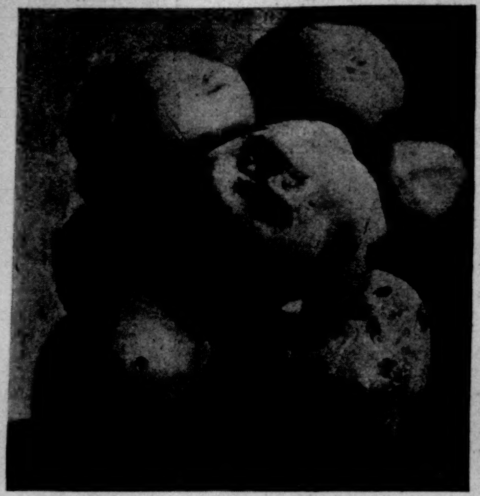
The statue is a striking piece of work. It occupies a commanding position at the northwestern corner of the plaza on which stands the City Hall of Philadelphia. It is of heroic proportions, and in conception is spirited. The pose of the figure is characteristic of "Little Mac," as his soldiers liked to call him, and the contrast between the thoughtful calm of the rider, who sits stern and watchful, and the fiery impatience of the horse, as suggested by the erect head and tense muscles, is marked. The material of the statue is United States tested bronze. The design represents General McClellan surveying the battle-field of Antietam, where the Union forces encountered the invading Confederates under Lee and prevented their march into Pennsylvania. From the top of the fatigue-cap worn by the rider to the pavement on which the pedestal supporting the statue rests is twenty-three feet six inches. The pedestal is of gray Quincy granite. The upper half of it is polished and adorned with wreaths and appropriate devices. In large lettering on the front is "George B. McClellan." Below the inscription is a bronze shield upheld by two sheaves of wheat. Ropes of bronze flowers are at the corners of the pedestal, and a wreath of laurel, of bronze, surrounds a triumphal arch, with turrets of the same material in the rear. The dimensions of the upper part of the pedestal are proportionately less than those of the lower block, which is fourteen feet long and eight feet wide, and of rough-dressed stone. The cost of the pedestal was five thousand dollars.

The cost of the entire memorial was eighteen thousand dollars, and this amount was collected through the McClellan Monument Association by voluntary subscription. The money came in mostly in small amounts, the large number of these which have been received since the agitation for the erection of the statue was started, over eight years ago, testifying to the wide popularity of the plan among a class of people of modest means. It is to the credit of those in charge of the memorial that throughout this long period they have steadfastly declared their purpose not to unveil the statue until the necessary amount for its payment was actually in hand. The sculptor, Henry J. Ellicott, gave his services practically free. Among the few large sums received was one thousand dollars from the G. A. R.

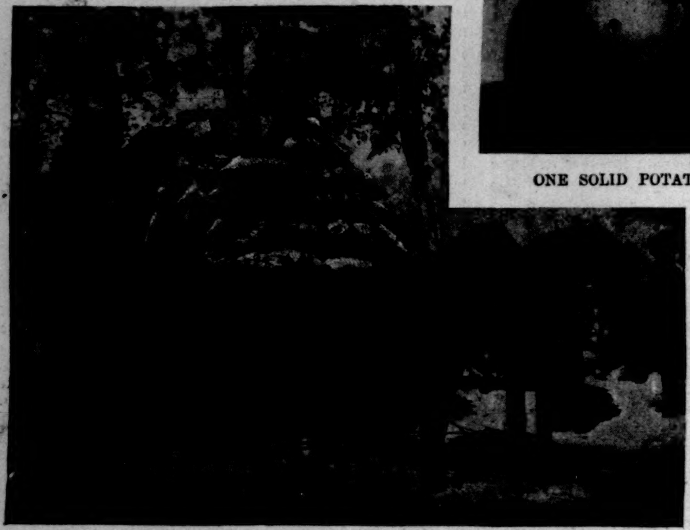
FRANCIS CHURCHILL WILLIAMS.

IRRIGATING A POTATO-FIELD NEAR GREELEY.

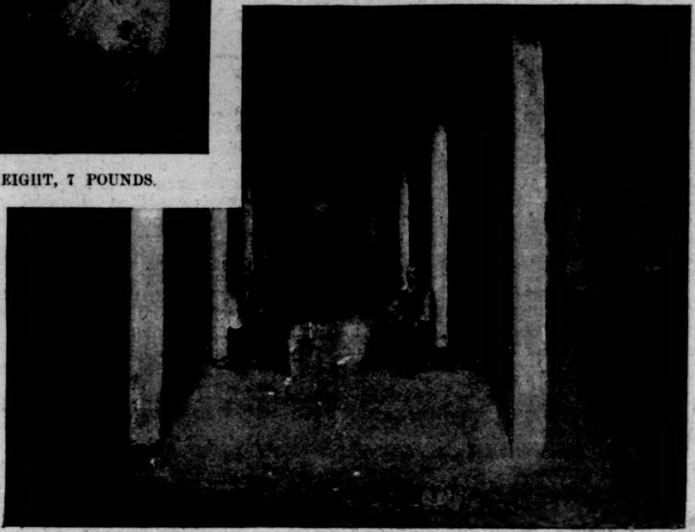
A POTATO-FIELD—YIELD, 800 BUSHELS PER ACRE.



ONE SOLID POTATO—WEIGHT, 7 POUNDS.

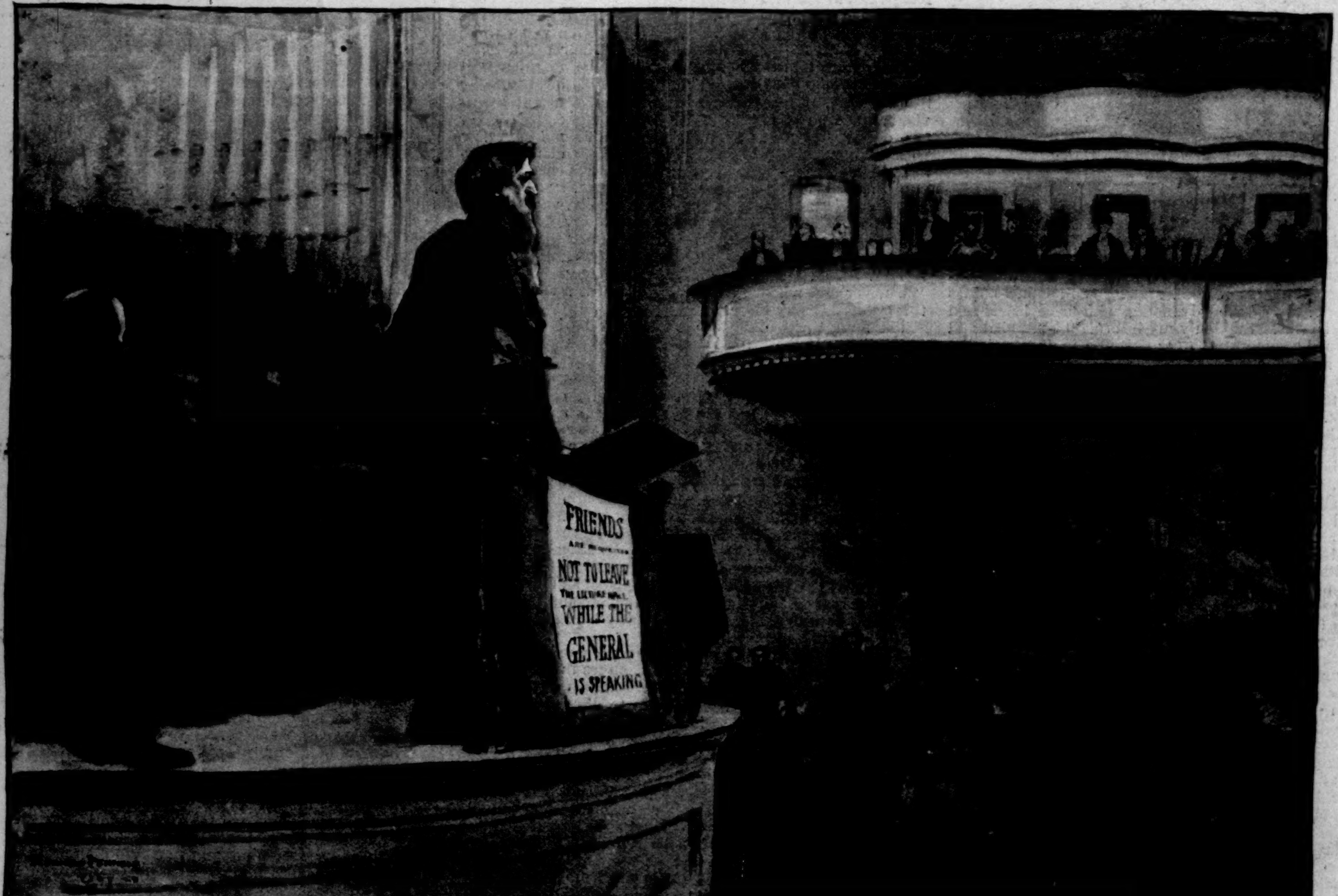


ONE OF THE FEATURES OF "POTATO DAY"—A LOAD OF 12,700 POUNDS.



INTERIOR OF A COLORADO POTATO-DUGOUT.

"POTATO DAY" AT GREELEY, COLORADO.—[See Page 1047.]



THE SALVATION ARMY MEETING AT CARNEGIE MUSIC HALL, NEW YORK—GENERAL BOOTH ADDRESSING THE AUDIENCE.
Drawn by Edward Penfield.—[See Page 1048.]

COLUMBIA COLLEGE, NEW YORK.—Drawn by Kyes and Woodbury.—[See Page 1042.]

Bird's-eye View from Forty-ninth Street, looking North.

COLUMBIA COLLEGE:

THE DEVELOPMENT OF A GREAT UNIVERSITY.

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS.

COLUMBIA is a small college, and at the same time a great university. To explain this seeming paradox, I need only to draw attention to the exact meaning now attached to the words *college* and *university*, formerly treated as though they were almost synonymous, and even to-day often carelessly confounded. In a sentence or two it is not easy to make clear that distinction between these words which is now gaining acceptance in America, and which is quite different from that obtaining in England, where a "college" is a component part of a "university," much as New York is one of the United States; but the attempt must be made. What the American "college" is we all know; it is an institution aiming to give its students, in a four years' course, what is called "a liberal education." What an American university ought to be we are beginning to perceive; it is an institution aiming to guide its students in advanced work and to train them in investigation. It is the duty of the college to give breadth; it is the duty of the university to give depth. The students who apply to a university for further instruction are supposed already to have "a liberal education"; in other words, the university begins where the college leaves off. The college should send forth men of culture; the university should take some of these men and carry their education further, and make each of them master of a specialty. Perhaps concrete examples will best emphasize the distinction; for instance, Amherst is a fine specimen of the American college of to-day, while Johns Hopkins, although not yet at its full development, suggests the type of the American university of to-morrow.

"If I am right," said Mr. Seth Low, in his presidential address at a recent convention of the College Association of the Middle States, "the difference between a college and a university is to a great extent a difference in aim." Accepting this view, it is obvious that only evil can result from any confusion of purpose—from any attempt, for example, to crowd university work into a college curriculum. But there is no reason why the university and the college should not form parts of the same institution, each keeping strictly to its own aims, and each aiding the other. This is the state of affairs at Columbia; the college and the university exist side by side, and yet perfectly distinct. The college is a small college; if we reckon by the number of its undergraduates, it is no larger than Amherst. The university is a great university; if we reckon by the number of its students, there are perhaps only two larger in the United States. It has schools of medicine, of law, of applied science, and of political science which rival those of any other institution of the country, while its newly organized schools of pure science and of philosophy, philology, and letters are already making good their claim to an honorable reputation.

But while Columbia, at the end of one hundred and forty years of honorable life, is not a large college, there have grown out of it certain professional schools more or less closely connected with it.

The earliest of these was the School of Medicine. In 1767 Columbia, then King's College, established the first medical faculty in New York and the second in the colonies. In 1814 the professors were allowed to resign in order to become the faculty of the independent College of Physicians and Surgeons founded some seven years before. In 1860, by joint resolution of its trustees and those of Columbia, this College of Physicians and Surgeons became the medical department of Columbia, but for thirty years the connection between the two was little more than an alliance. In 1891 this alliance was turned into a union, the College of Physicians and Surgeons (which had been a proprietary medical school) surrendering its independence and becoming an integral part of Columbia. Thus Columbia acquired not only lands, buildings, and funds valued at one and three-quarter millions of dollars, but it gained also a medical department of the highest reputation, fully manned and fully equipped. High as has been the reputation of the College of Physicians and Surgeons in the past, it is likely to be higher yet in the future, for the consolidation with Columbia will enable the trustees in time to increase the requirements both for admission and for graduation, thus raising the standard of medical education without regard to the probable decrease in the number of students which such a course would entail temporarily, and without regard to the consequent decrease in the fees, which have hitherto been the sole support of the school. In the history of medical education in America there is no more important step than this taking over of the College of Physicians and Surgeons by Columbia.

Of the technical schools which surround the college, the second to come into existence was the School of Law. As far back as 1798 the college had a professorship of law, the professor being James Kent; and Columbia proudly recalls the fact that it was to her students that Chancellor Kent first delivered his famous Commentaries on American Law, originally published in 1826. But it was not until 1858 that the School of Law was formally organized, with the late Theodore W. Dwight as its warden. As a teacher of law, as an expounder of principles, Dr. Dwight had no rival in our time; his lucidity was marvellous. Under his management the Columbia Law School soon became one of the foremost in the country. At first he was almost the only lecturer, but one by one other chairs were created. Dr. Dwight resigned the wardenship two years before his death in 1892, and methods of instruction have since been adopted which are not dependent, as his were, upon his own extraordinary gift of exposition.

In 1864, six years after the beginning of the School of Law, Columbia founded a School of Mines, which proved its usefulness at the very first, and which soon attained to a foremost position among the technological institutes of America. By degrees it has widened its scope, until it has courses not only in mining engineering, but also in civil, mechanical, electrical, and sanitary engineering. It is a school of applied science in a very wide sense of the term. More than that, it is also a school of architecture, having at the head of this department Mr. William R. Ware. Probably the School of Mines, narrow as its name is, offers more instruction in applied science and in architecture than any institute of technology in the country.

Sixteen years after the School of Mines was started, Columbia established its fourth professional school, and the first one which was not intended to prepare men simply for the practice of a profession. The School of Political Science, founded in 1880, was modelled upon the École Libre des Sciences Politiques of Paris. It was the first institution of the kind to be opened in any English-speaking country. Its purpose is "to give students a complete general view of all the subjects of public polity, both internal and external, from the threefold point of view of history, law, and philosophy." It has courses in history—political, economic, legal, constitutional, and diplomatic—in political philosophy, in international, constitutional, and administrative law, in comparative jurisprudence, in political economy, finance, and social science. From the beginning the School of Political Science has maintained a high standard, admitting no student who had not completed a college course to the end of the Junior year. It has been very chary of its degrees; it has had more than one thousand students, and it has granted the degree of Ph.D. to less than forty of them. The faculty edit the *Political Science Quarterly*, one of the most authoritative journals of its class, having a high reputation in Europe. The School of Political Science is in part a symptom and in part a cause of that revival of interest in political speculation here in America which Mr. Bryce has declared to be most remarkable.

This was the state of affairs at Columbia four years ago, when Mr. Seth Low was installed as President. The college was a small one, as we have seen, out of which had grown up these four professional schools, strong and flourishing, three of them governed by the trustees of Columbia, but each maintaining its independence, and making little or no effort toward co-ordination. It was the new President's first task to bring order out of this disorder, and so to organize the forces of Columbia that she might better undertake the new duties before her. Within these four years the College of Physicians and Surgeons has been taken over, and is now in fact the Medical School of Columbia; and two other schools have been called into being, partly by the establishment of new chairs and partly by the reassignment of older professorships. One of these is the School of Philosophy, which conducts the advanced courses in philosophy, philology, letters. To this faculty are committed English—both language and literature—Greek and Latin, French and German, Italian and Spanish, Sanskrit and Zend, Hebrew and Assyrian; to it also are intrusted the courses in philosophy, psychology, and ethics. The other of these is the School of Pure Science, which has just been formed about a newly created department of biology; it has been strengthened by the transfer from the School of Mines of the chairs of botany and astronomy, and by the bringing in from that school and from the School of Medicine of the professors of geology, mathematics, chemistry, physics, and physiology.

Thus we see that from Columbia College, which held its one-hundred-and-forty-first Commencement last June, there have grown up six allied schools—a School of Medicine, a School of Law, a School of Mines (applied science and architecture), a School of Political Science, a School of Philosophy (including philology and literature), and a School of Pure Science. Though the college itself might be unable to vie with older colleges in the number of students in its four classes, there were to be seen in these surrounding schools the elements of a great university. What was needed was to make one whole of these unrelated parts. And this is what was done before the end of the third year of President Low's administration.

At that time the old four-year-course college was called by the honored name of the School of Arts. With it Columbia College had seven schools. Every school had a certain independence, which was respected. Every school had its own faculty, who elected a Dean as its administrative head. Every school sent its Dean and one other elected delegate to a University Council presided over by the President; and to this University Council the trustees have given a certain authority over internal affairs. The trustees manage the finances of the institution, they appoint the more important officers, and they have a right of veto on the acts of the University Council. The several faculties, on the other hand, meet monthly to discuss their own needs, each having two representatives on the University Council. This organization has been developed out of the exigencies of the situation; it is not ideal, perhaps, yet it is satisfactory; it apportions power and responsibility equitably and advantageously.

It was this special organization, peculiar to Columbia, which permitted the next step, whereby the college (that is, the School of Arts) and the university (that is, the six other schools) were more closely united, and whereby a new solution was found for one of the most pressing problems now confronting those in charge of the higher education in the United States. Within the past quarter of a century, under the lead of Harvard, the chief American colleges have been increasing their entrance requirements, with the result of raising the average age of the student at graduation nearly a year. Within the last ten years the chief schools of law and of medicine have lengthened their courses of study to cover three years instead of two. In consequence of this double action the period of education has been extended unduly, and the age at which a young man is prepared to enter upon the practice of his profession has been postponed for quite two years. That this is a hardship no one denies; and it presses most severely upon the students who seek the best training, for it is only at the best colleges and at the best schools that the increase has taken place.

Various methods of meeting the difficulty have been proposed. At Harvard, President Eliot suggested that a student be permitted to do the work of four years in three—if he could. At Chicago, President Harper has divided the college into quarters, a student being allowed to take any quarter in the year as a vacation, and being allowed also to go without vacation if he chooses, and thus to take the twelve required quarters in three years of incessant work. The disadvantages of both the Harvard plan and of the Chicago are twofold—they allow an unwholesome pressure continued for three years without intermission; and they authorize a shortening of the college course from four years to three, and so permits a student to deprive himself of one-fourth of those indirect benefits of college life which are as important as the direct instruction received from the professors.

Wholly different from the plans of Harvard and Chicago is that which has been adopted at Columbia, and which was possible only in a college forming part of a great university. No man can graduate from Columbia in less than four years, but the instruction given by the School of Arts (that is, by the *college*, strictly so called) ceases at the end of the Junior year; and in the Senior year the student is free to select his courses from among those offered by the six university faculties. He must elect a total of fifteen hours a week, but under certain restrictions he can take these where he pleases—in the School of Philosophy or in the School of Political Science, in the School of Pure Science or in the School of Mines, in the School of Law or in the School of Medicine. He will be doing graduate work, no doubt, but he is still an undergraduate, still on the rolls of the School of Arts, still a member of the Senior class (the organization of which remains intact), still in touch with his classmates, however widely these may be scattered through the several schools, and however diverse the studies they may each have selected. He may take the first year's work in the Law School or in the Medical School; and his work will count for the A.B. degree, and also for the M.D. or LL.B., as the case may be. He cannot take the A.B. degree in less than four years, but if he intends also to take an M.D., or an LL.B., or a B.S. (in architecture, for example), or an M.E., he can shorten by one year the time required to take both degrees.

There is no doubt that the raising of the age of graduation in our colleges and the simultaneous lengthening of the course of the professional schools have had a tendency to deter men who had resolved to be lawyers or physicians, engineers or architects, from taking the college course as a preliminary to their professional studies. President Low has expressed his belief that the system introduced at Columbia will do much to offset this important tendency. Columbia, so its President declared in his report for 1892, "does not offer men less, but greater, inducements to continue their non-professional studies, if they can, for the full period of four years. More than this, while they are pursuing their professional work, all the resources of the university are at their command to enable them to continue other studies which interest them or to make good deficiencies." And Mr. Low adds that "it is too soon to speak with certainty, but it is believed that the result of this system will be to keep many men at Columbia for six years who otherwise would stay but four years in the School of Arts, or even a shorter time in one of the professional schools only." The college having thus been made what it should be, the foundation of the university, the Seniors are in constant association with graduate students; they cannot but be tempted to further graduate work in the future; probably many more men will remain a fifth year to take the A.M. degree.

The Senior year of Columbia being thus not only a fourth year in college, but also, if the student so chooses, a first year in a professional school, it is certain to be attractive to students in smaller colleges intending to study for a profession. There are already signs of a tendency among these to spend the Senior year at Columbia and to take its A.B.; and in consequence of this tendency, it is probable that in the immediate future the Senior class at Columbia will be larger than the Freshman class—a phenomenon discoverable in no other American college. It is to be noted that although parents and sons have perhaps a prejudice in favor of a semi-rural college, they have a prejudice far stronger in favor of an urban university.

A great city is, in a sense, a university in itself, and certainly it is only in a great city that a great university with its professional schools can be maintained to advantage. Harvard is in the centre of a population of about a million; so is Johns Hopkins; so is the new University of Chicago. Before these three institutions, therefore, lie the limitless possibilities of real university development. Within the same radius about Columbia there is a population nearly as large as the sum of the populations which surround Harvard and Johns Hopkins and the University of Chicago.

The semi-rurality which gives Yale and Princeton, for example, an advantage over Columbia as a college becomes a disadvantage when they seek to expand into universities. The modern university needs the metropolis, with its museums, its galleries, its libraries, its theological seminaries, its art schools, its conservatories of music, its hospitals, and its charitable institutions. The centre of education in France is in Paris; the new University of Berlin has pushed rapidly to a front place in Germany; the University of Vienna has no second in Austro-Hungary; even in London the need is felt of a teaching university which shall gather into one the scattered educational forces of the British capital.

Here in New York, Columbia, conscious of her opportunities and of her duties, has been preparing to avail herself of the one and to face the other. From the beginning the connection of the School of Medicine with the hospitals has been close. For some years Columbia has offered her hospitality to all the scientific societies of the vicinity, and Hamilton Hall has become the headquarters of a score or more. The library of Columbia, rapidly growing, already one of the largest in the city, and the one which is most used and to greatest advantage, is the custodian of the special collections of many minor organizations. Of late there has been arranged an alliance, so to speak, with three theological seminaries, whereby Columbia gains all the real advantages of a divinity school, and whereby she is enabled greatly to enlarge the opportunity for new combinations of study, which it is one of the most important duties of a university to secure. A treaty has also been made with the College for the Training of Teachers, by which the control of its instruction is assured to the faculty of the School of Philosophy. Friendly relations have been established also with the American Museum of Natural History and with the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and in both museums many courses of lectures have been given this past winter by professors of Columbia. Special arrangements have been made with the Charity Organization Society by which the advanced students in sociology will be assured the privilege of taking part in the actual work of investigation and relief. Whenever the new Botanic Garden, to be established in Bronx Park, comes into being, Columbia will be able to utilize that also, under arrangements already made, whereby the management of the garden has been offered to her. If, as may be hoped, a Zoological Garden follows in due course, no doubt Columbia will be able to make a treaty with that as well.

The constituency of Columbia as a college is mainly local; its constituency as a university is more than national—it is international. President Low reports that in 1893 the 497 graduate students at Columbia represented 105 colleges and universities in the United States and 12 in foreign countries. It is to be noted that in almost every American university, except Johns Hopkins and Harvard, the graduate students are principally graduates of the institution at which they are continuing their studies. That this is not the case at Columbia indicates that the young men of the United States understand that there is a great university in the metropolis of the country offering opportunities for advanced study not surpassed elsewhere.

PORTRAITS OF WOMEN.

LOAN EXHIBITION AT THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.

If an afternoon tea should be given where the ladies were asked to impersonate variously their grandmammas, mammas, and also themselves in the costumes of their own time, thus affording one a delightful contemporary vision of several generations, reaching from the powdered hair and voluminous outline of Revolutionary fashions to the clipped silhouette of the tailor-made matron or maiden of to-day, such an assemblage would perhaps present much of the aspect and charm that belong to the interesting exhibition now going on at the Academy of Design.

It was a happy idea, this of ranging before us feminine America portrayed by painters who know their art. The committee of selection, too, has done its work well, and it is for this reason, possibly, that the exhibition has more interest for the ordinary spectator than he might perhaps find in the actual society gathered at the afternoon tea alluded to above. For when Copley, Gilbert Stuart, Allston, Sully, William Hunt, John Sargent, Abbott Thayer, T. W. Dewing, and, to be brief, other of our noted artists, look at woman with painterlike intent, they are sure to seek in her certain æsthetic possibilities, and quite as sure to find them. These possibilities so found are what invest this portrait collection of American women with the distinction it possesses; and this quality of distinction, which in the usual social function might perhaps escape the layman, is emphasized upon these canvases by men whom predisposition, education, and habit of thought have fitted to reveal it. To meet with an array of such importance, viewed through the medium of various cultivated and even distinguished temperaments, is to take part, as it were, in an entertainment of singular attractiveness and value. The American women, we must remember, who figure in these frames are not to be viewed merely as so many ladies brought together for a social purpose, where the degree of pleasure they afford the sight depends on the æsthetic sensibility of those "assisting," for we at this display enjoy the additional privilege of having our attention definitely directed by artists to the best points in their charming personalities.

The fact that thought, reading, and a taste cultivated by earnest study of highest precedents in art all lie back of the first touch upon the canvas of any portrait-painter worthy of the name, is perhaps not sufficiently appreciated by those who regard portraiture as something less than creative work. It is this trained knowledge, when associated with power of deduction and grasp of character, which causes certain canvases here to stand out as masterpieces. Sometimes it happens that women who have been regarded as plain by their own circle for years are discovered by a painter to be the incarnation of some type of beauty long sought by him, and heralded with joy when found. The previous cultivation of his taste has led up to this—he is the seer, the magician, whose insight and skill add new treasures to the æsthetic endowment of the world.

NELL GWYNN.—By Sir Peter Lely.

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It has been the province of the artist to give the stamp of true coinage to many a current beauty. The English Millais and others have conferred a classic fame on more than one whose charms might otherwise have remained unsuspected and unknown. Society admires with confidence when the artist's brush directs the way.

There is so much that is eternally lovely in the present which may, by means of portraiture, be rescued for the future, that it seems both proper and pertinent to try to understand the significance of such an assemblage of retrospective and contemporary "human documents"; for the best examples of this noble art increase rather than decline in value with the flight of time. There are families in Holland to-day whose highest claim to consideration, perhaps, lies in the fact that they own the portrait of an ancestor painted by Rembrandt.

To few women is it given to discern in themselves their ultimate note of loveliness until the eye of an artist has defined it. Noble lines, suave rotundities, fascinating planes, and surfaces that are their own, and as inherently beautiful as the most perfect classic forms, are sometimes never brought to light unless the practised hand directed by the cultured mind of a master-painter interprets them. The serenity of a fair woman's forehead from which the hair rolls back into a simple coil possesses the charm of the Milesian Venus for his æsthetic mind; and in the lithe and buoyant carriage of certain types of girlhood Atalanta lives again for him.

There is something of this classic temper in all good portraiture—the more where the subject more readily lends itself to the impression. Artists, indeed, love to recall, in the simple straightness of a throat, or almost archaic primitiveness of profile or of modelling, when the type to be portrayed admits of such treatment without sacrifice of likeness, the early and sincere days of art; and to people of culture and sympathetic taste it is a mode of portrayal most captivating.

But this is, more strictly, the merely plastic side; to unite with it complexity of expression, which

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MRS. WELLS.—By Romney.
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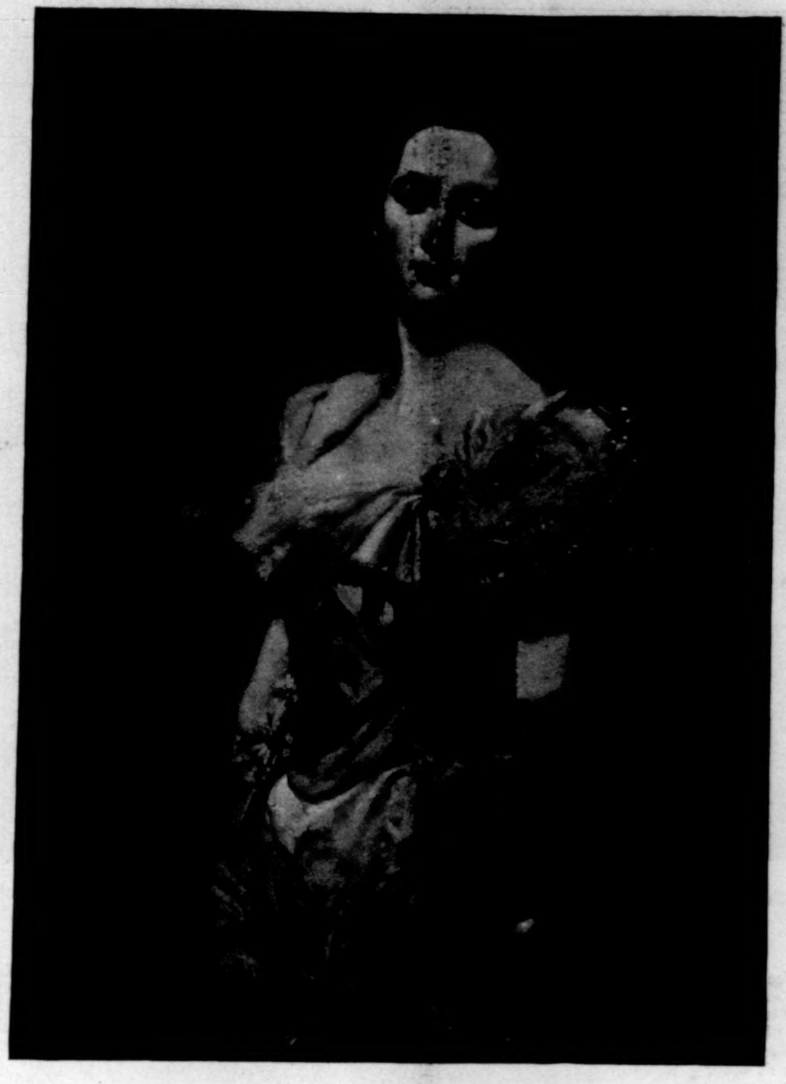
is the [illegible]e, is to solve the greater problem. Some attain this end—an achievement worthy to call forth the best efforts of our painters. Indeed, we may discover several instances among these pictures where the painter has gone behind the exterior and given us something of the mind and habit of life of the people he depicts. Mr. Sargent at times gets thus beneath the surface-aspect of his sitters, and a notable instance of this faculty was found in his remarkable portrait of a young lady in white, seen last year at Chicago. There is enough of this element in the best things at the Academy to interest the student of our social life: for it is this side of life, as already indicated, which is the dominant note of the collection—the mothers and sisters of our past and present social world. Regarded in this light, it seems that we have most excellent traditions, which, although not far remote, perhaps, are still of old enough habit to produce good results to-day, and to give fine promise for the future.

Then, too, aside from the question of temperament, the portrayal of women opens such a picturesque field to the artist in point of costume, color, and opportunities for sumptuous composition! Gainsborough, Reynolds, Lawrence, and Raeburn have imprinted on canvas the very essence of feminine charm, and with all those accessories that make woman alluring. The bewildering surfaces of silks and satins, with sharp lights, cool half-tints, and mellow reflections, merging almost imperceptibly into the satinlike texture of the lovely flesh; soft laces that melt against throat or wrist, or the rich dull roll of velvet with its broad lights and mysterious shadows—these, with the glimmer of pearls, the glint of gold, the flash of diamonds and other gems, have made the painting of woman peculiarly attractive to artists in all ages, without reference to the more subtle and psychic problem of deciphering the enigma itself. Even to artists of mere technical address the subject is an always welcome one. With what a joy he sweeps in with his brush opposing textures of these shimmering stuffs that cling to the figure, developing



MISS E. V. SLOANE.—By Carolus Duran.
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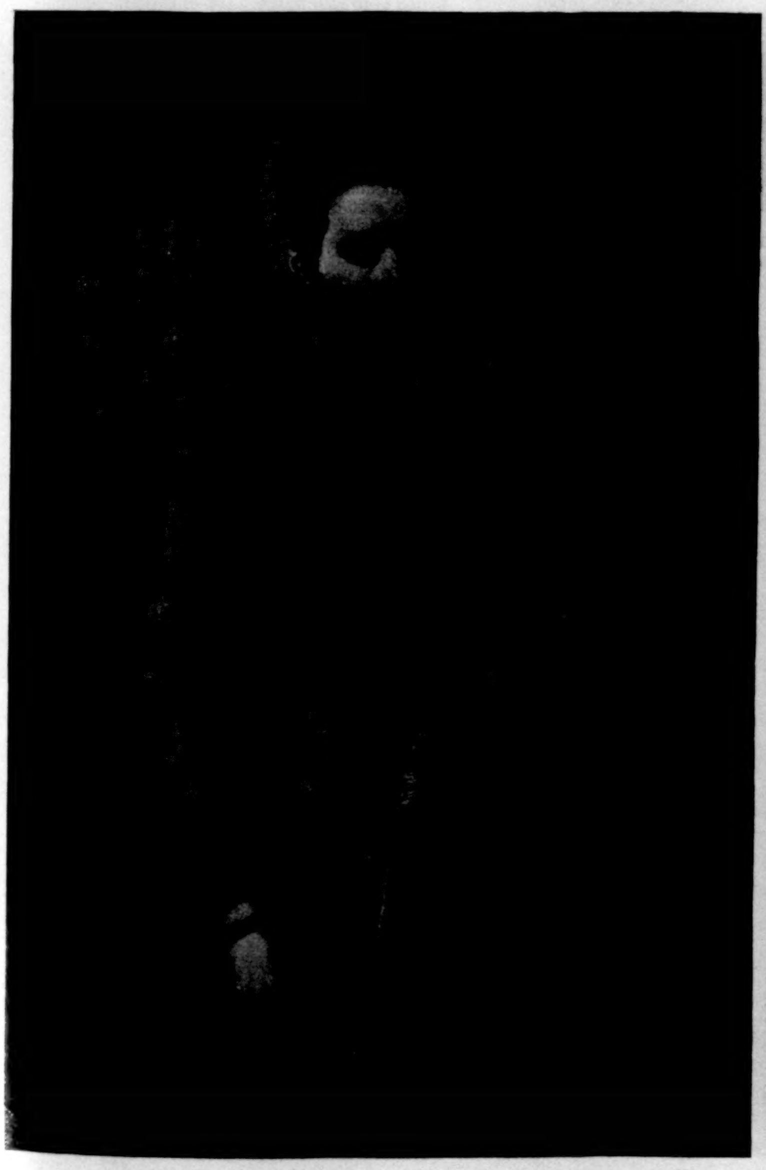
the form beneath, by cutting the background crisply where the light strikes, or becoming obliterated as the contour encounters the shadow! With a dexterity that comes of knowledge his facile hand follows these planes of light and shade, and the living, breathing woman stands revealed upon the canvas. There have been and are many Pygmalions in the world, and in more arts than that of sculpture.

It is particularly entertaining to stroll through these galleries and compare the methods of American painters of one hundred years ago with those of the present time. For instance, Gilbert Stuart's solid technical qualities and liberal sense of form; the classical taste of Allston, and the influence of the English school of the period upon his color; Sully's grace, and the refinement and delicacy of his touch, portraying the gentler sex somewhat as he would a flower; the individuality and much more modern treatment of William Hunt—are valuable points to remark in our earlier painters. Canvases by these men are seen together now, and practically side by side: their various methods and attitudes of mind in viewing and painting women may here be studied to advantage; and from this stand-point the exhibition of these pictures cannot but possess a deep intellectual interest for the intelligent layman.

Among the later American portraitists space will permit us to mention but few. Eastman Johnson, with his vigorous coloring; the painter-like assured touch of William M. Chase; Thayer's persistent vision and faithfulness to the plastic interest in the features before him; the æsthetic sensibility to distinction of line and love for peculiarly close harmonies in color which mark the refined and individual portraits of Dewing; well-gowned and charming women by Porter; Daniel Huntington's canvases representing prominent people; and last, but not in any sense least, the classic simplicity and breadth of Whistler.

There is also a considerable sprinkling of work by foreign artists of high reputation in this collection. Cabanel, who is represented here, was at one time the nominal head of French



SPANISH PORTRAIT.—Artist Unknown.
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MRS. W. SEWARD WEBB AND SON.—By Munzig.
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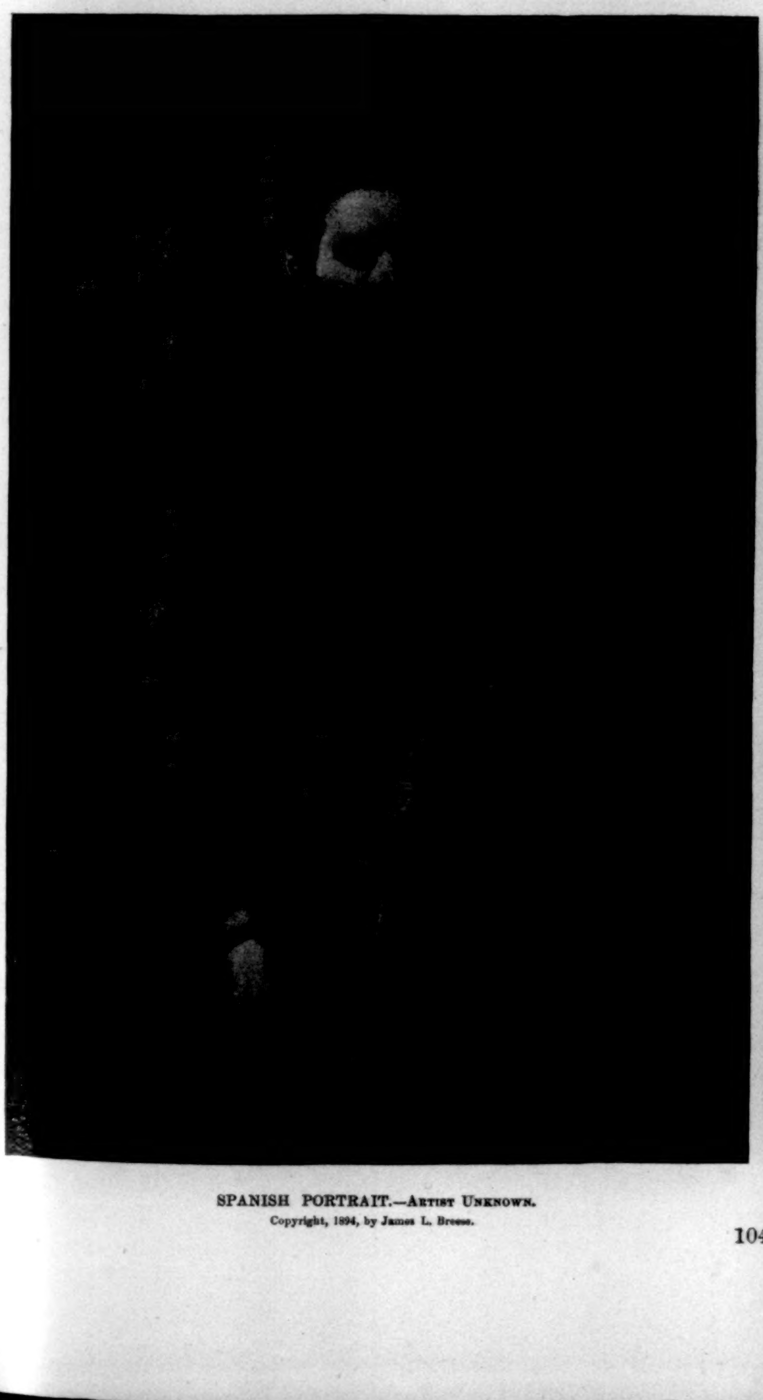

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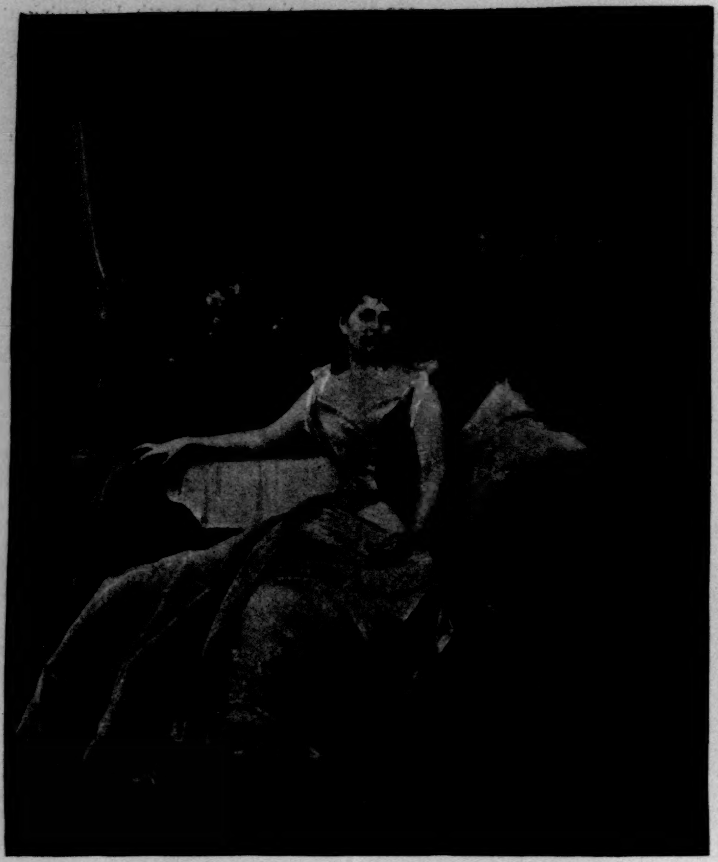
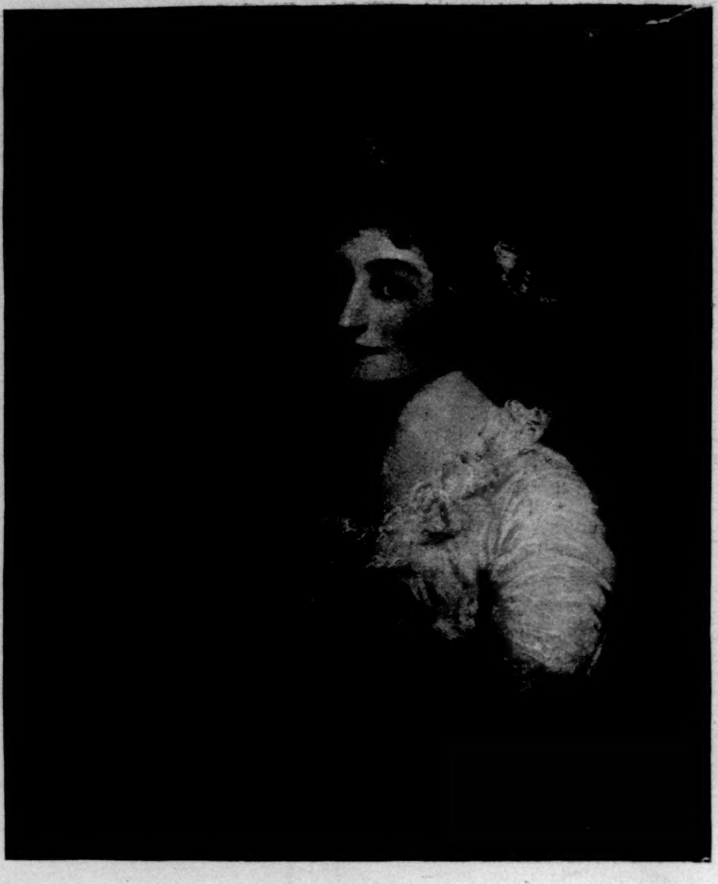


MRS. FERDINAND BLUMENTHAL.—By Munkacsy.



MRS. GWINN.—By Hoppner.

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art. He portrayed with much success the air of high breeding which belonged to the inmates of the old *hôtels* of the Faubourg St.-Germain; in fact, with such subjects his task must have been a pleasure, for Cabanel had naturally a penchant for *le grand air*. Aristocratic France sat to him; but at other times, when those of "other manners" presented themselves to be painted, his keen eye would be sure to find here also some line of elegance that would suit his taste and please his sitter. This is a valuable faculty for the portrait-painter to possess, and in looking through these rooms one sees that Americans as well as foreigners can lay claim to it. Carolus Duran, whose name is perhaps most familiar to Americans, and than whom France boasts of no more brilliant painter, is also seen in a canvas characteristic of his vivid and actual portraiture; Dagnan-Bouveret, too, with his faithful drawing and sincere, loving brush-work; Benjamin Constant, *habile* in execution, strong in a sense of the picturesque. Examples of each of these, and others of interest, are offered to the contemplation of the visitor, who may thus gain much light on the methods of representative painters of the modern French school.

MISS O. M. GRAEF.—By Lenbach.

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In England, where portrait-painting receives more encouragement than with us, a similar exhibition was given some time ago at the Grafton Gallery, and the "Portraits of Fair Women" was deservedly popular.

Of course a country which invited Holbein, Vandyck, and Rubens to come and paint its portraits before a native artist of importance had arisen, possessed interesting treasures of this art to draw upon. But the display was perhaps more largely retrospective than this at the Academy, which is so rich in the work of modern men.

It is to be hoped that the ability here shown by our own painters in this noble art will be brought more forcibly before the public as one result of the gracious and enterprising efforts of the Ladies' Committee. Their exertions are for sweet Charity's sake, the beneficiaries being St. John's Guild and the Orthopedic Hospital. These ladies doubtless also feel how interesting portraiture becomes when people of the past live on through its agency into the present, and the belles of early New York thus enter into a sort of silent rivalry with their lovely descendants of to-day.

Frank Fowler.

MRS. OLIVER WOLCOTT.—By Trumbull.

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MRS. JOHN B. BISPHAM.—By Sully.

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THIS BUSY WORLD

Two new Protestant brotherhoods have been started this fall in New York. One is the Community of the Brothers of the Church, which was founded last month, when Mr. Russell Whitcomb, of Boston, took vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience, and assumed the name of Brother Hugh. He proposes to live in New York, and devote himself to the welfare of his fellow-creatures. He made his vows to Bishop Potter. They bind him for five years, when he can renew them if he likes.

The other brotherhood, the Order of the Good Samaritan, is to be for medical monks, who will devote themselves to the care of the sick poor in the parishes with which they are connected. They will rank as deacons in the church. The young men who hope to be the founders of this order are George W. Davidson and Joseph Tebbetts, the latter an Englishman, and they are connected with the Episcopal Church of the Redeemer. They have not got beyond their first probationary vows yet, but in a couple of years they will be ready for their final promises of poverty, obedience, and celibacy, and then, if the bishop is willing, their order will be founded.

It would not suit every one to be a Protestant monk, but it is easily conceivable that persons who like that condition might find it very satisfactory. There are deprivations that are incident to it, but there are also great compensations. Monks don't marry, and that of course is a loss, but then there are many thousands of people in the world who have married who think very highly of celibacy. It is no hardship to be a celibate unless you really want to marry, and these young men don't. As for poverty, that is a slight hardship to a person who is professionally poor. To be poor and maintain an appearance of being well-to-do is irksome, of course, but monks are always free to seem just as poor as they feel. They have no families to maintain, no hired men to support, no horses, no taxes, no summer homes—nothing to provide except a little daily food, a modest shelter, a few simple clothes, and an occasional new tire for their bicycles. Thousands of worthy people grieve nowadays because the necessities of life devour all their incomes, so that they have nothing left to have fun with. Their scale of living is so high that it makes life a constant struggle. But these monks pitch their scale of living so low to start with that poverty has no terrors for them. Another thing they are quit of is the obligation to amuse themselves. They don't undertake to keep themselves diverted, as other folks do. No doubt they feel perfectly at liberty to hold serious views of life, and to keep them actually in mind as much of the time as they will. They feel no obligation to dine out, to see living pictures, to hunt, to shoot, to go to the Horse Show, to hear all the new operas, to go yachting in summer, or to join clubs. They are free to stay in town all through the hot weather if they like, and they can keep on wearing the same style of hat after the fashion changes. One usually thinks of a monk's vows as an assumption of obligations, but really when one thinks of all they imply they seem more like a declaration of independence.

Obviously, then, there are many advantages about being a Protestant monk, and yet few people are suited to that vocation. There is no real profit in having so much liberty unless one is capable of putting it to a use that will satisfy his spirit. If these young men who propose to devote themselves to a religious life find plenty of useful work that satisfies their aspirations, they will probably like their business and be happy in it. Otherwise all the freedom that they gain will not assure their contentment.

With the best intentions to do otherwise, and announcements accordingly, Dr. Doyle seems to have accepted it as his fate to talk to the Americans about Sherlock Holmes. It will be remembered that though he killed off that celebrated character, he did not venture to bury him. He will find him very much aboveground in this country.

The Central Church Society of Chicago have been discussing the expediency of calling Dr. Edward Everett Hale to be the successor of Professor David Swing. They would like to have Dr. Hale, but they are diffident about inviting him. Their hesitation has reason. Dr. Hale is about the most obliging man in the world, and if Chicago felt that it needed him he might possibly feel it his duty to go there. But Boston wouldn't feel it in the least her duty to let him. Since Dr. Holmes has gone, Dr. Hale has become more indispensable to her than ever, and emissaries from Chicago with designs upon him would stand a good chance of being ducked in the frog-pond by outraged citizens. Boston would not swap Dr. Hale for Phil Armour himself, not even if Chicago offered to throw in Mr. Pullman to boot. Holmes is gone; Phillips Brooks is gone. The very last man that Boston would care to part with now is Dr. Hale.

In a recent paragraph in this corner of the WEEKLY about the Mormons it was remarked that the peculiar peoples and odd sects in the country do not seem to flourish as they once did, and that "even the Quakers seem to be dying out." A courteous remonstrant, who writes from Philadelphia, explains that so far as concerns the Quakers this appearance is deceitful. If they seem to be scarcer than they used to be it is not because there are fewer of them, but because they are giving up their peculiarities of dress and speech, and are less readily identified by these outward tokens. Conclusive evidence that it is merely the Quaker peculiarities that are dying out, and not the Friends themselves, appears in the statement made at the Friends' Congress at the Parliament of Religions held in Chicago last fall that in 1892 there were 83,000 Friends in America as against 52,000 in 1860.

The WEEKLY has received a copy of the programme of a novel and decidedly interesting literary and musical entertainment that was given on October 17th at Omaha. It was called "An Evening with Trilby." The participants were all gentlemen. The subjects of the papers read were "The Story of Trilby"; "Du Maurier, his Life and Work"; "The French of Trilby"; "The Identity of the Artists in Trilby"; "Trilby's Voice and Method"; "Trilby as a Hypnotic Subject"; "Could Trilby be Successfully Dramatized?" After each paper there was Trilby music, which included "Ben Bolt," "Au Clair de la Lune," "Malbrouck s'en va-t-en guerre," and other songs and instrumental pieces. At the end of the programme comes the inquiry, "What shall we 'ave the pleasure of drinkin' after that werry nice 'armony?" and then the page turns over to the farewell couplet—

"A little warmth, a little light
Of love's bestowing—and so, good-night."

It is a pretty far cry from Paris to Omaha, but Trilby's voice seems to have carried that distance without the least trouble. It is worth remarking that these Omaha gentlemen made seven "papers" about her without finding it necessary to discuss her morals.

Pacific City, on Topolobampo Bay, in the Gulf of California, as described in a recent number of the WEEKLY by James D. Whelpley, seems like a promising experiment in co-operation. As described to a correspondent of the Pittsburg *Dispatch* by two citizens of Beaver Falls, Pennsylvania, who had been there and returned, it is a place to be avoided by all people who aspire to enjoy the ordinary comforts of life, and a co-operative experiment that is sure to fail. Things look very different to different eyes, and no particular thing can wear more diverse aspects than a co-operative colony. Folks who are interested in the co-operative idea take sanguine views of it; folks who are out of patience take discouraged views. Don't go across the continent to join any co-operative colony unless you are sure you know all about it beforehand.

A valued correspondent writes to this department of the WEEKLY to lament the degenerate behavior of Engineer James Root, who, having earned the admiration of his fellow-countrymen by bringing his train from burning Hinckley through a roaring furnace of forest flames, now turns his reputation to practical account by "steering a shaking wood and canvas locomotive across the stage of a Bowery playhouse." It seems a pity to this correspondent that some men who might have died heroes should live long enough to destroy all their chances for enduring fame. He wonders about the engineer's own feelings, and "whether he has a greater contempt for himself, or for the howling, whistling gallery that applauds the freak in the flimsy locomotive."

If Engineer Root is drawing good pay from that Bowery theatre, and is saving money and living soberly, and supporting his family if he has one, it is not unlikely that he will decline to despise either himself or his patrons. It may perhaps be conceded that he shows some defect in taste in permitting himself to be put on exhibition, but good taste was not what won him his reputation. What is best known about him is that he is an extremely tough and determined man. If he can stand the scorching of a forest fire, it is probable that he will not wilt immediately under the plaudits of a Bowery gallery.

It is a pity that men who have heroic qualities should not have always good taste too, but there is some solace in the reflection that if only men of taste had the hero material in them, heroes would be far scarcer than they are.

Ambassador Bayard says that our British cousins never thought so well of us as they do now. It is possible to believe it when the London *Spectator*, in discoursing upon American optimism, proclaims that, "take them as a whole, the Americans are the kindliest race on the face of the earth." The *Spectator* changed hands and editors not long ago. It must have experienced a change of heart at the same time.

E. S. MARTIN.

POTATO DAY AT GREELEY, COLORADO.

THE first annual potato-bake and ox-roast was held in Greeley, Colorado, on the 10th of October. The occasion was designated "Potato day," in honor of the chief product of the northern agricultural section of the State, and the celebration took on all the features of the Eastern "harvest homes." The city of Greeley was handsomely decorated. In the shop windows were many tasteful displays of potatoes, fruits, and cereals, and a holiday air pervaded the town, and elaborate preparations had been made for the feeding of the multitude of visitors. Seven hundred bushels of potatoes, donated by the farmers, were baked in long trenches, and two fine beeves were roasted barbecue fashion. Hundreds of loaves of bread and many pounds of butter had been provided. But the good people of Greeley, who had made such generous preparations for the proper entertainment of their visitors, made the mistake of underestimating the number to be fed, for within an hour after dinner was announced every vestige of the meat and bread and most of the potatoes had disappeared, and still, like Oliver Twist, the guests held up their plates for more. But notwithstanding this one disappointing feature in the day's proceedings, the affair was a great success.

It has become the custom of the towns in Colorado to set apart one day in the year for the celebration of whatever product gives them prominence. Some have their Watermelon days, Sunflower days, Peach days, etc., and it was following this custom which impelled the citizens of Greeley and Weld County to celebrate Potato day, for it is well known that Greeley is famous for her excellent tubers the country over.

In the park long tables were constructed, on which were piled the exhibits of potatoes, apples, beets, pumpkins, squashes, etc., all of prodigious proportions.

These magnificent displays showed the possibilities of irrigation in Weld County, as all the products exhibited were grown in fields watered by artificial means. But while wheat and alfalfa produce wonderfully large yields under the irrigating process, the potato is king. Fields containing from forty to eighty acres are easily and perfectly watered, and the growth of the crop is advanced or retarded at the will of the farmer. Potato-farming is followed on a large scale by those engaged in it, and the results are eminently satisfactory, the yield running from two hundred to eight hundred bushels per acre.

After planting, the field is watered at regular intervals, until the crop matures, when an army of men are employed to harvest it. The "harvest" is most interesting. The illustrations give but a poor idea of the magnitude of the undertaking. In the first place, the tubers are turned out of the ground by a "digging-machine." Then they are picked up in baskets by men and boys, who are called "spud rustlers" in the Western vernacular. After the potatoes are placed in the baskets they are dumped into the "sorter," where the little ones are thrown out, and only the large and perfect ones are dropped into the sacks, after which they are hauled to the "dugout" and stored until the price justifies their sale. When the potatoes come to market great wagon trains loaded with them may be seen on the streets of Greeley every day in the week. The crop this year is estimated at 7000 car-loads, or nearly 22,000,000 bushels. This crop, at the present price, will place over $1,200,000 in the pockets of the Weld County farmers, and this is why they celebrate Potato day.

ANDREW M. WILLOUGHBY.

SCORN.

Who are the men that good men most despise?
  Not they who, ill-begot, and spawned in shame,
Riot, and rob, and rot before men's eyes;
  Who basely live, and, dying, leave no name.
These are the piteous refuse of mankind;
  Fatal the ascendant star when they were born,
Distort in body, starved in soul and mind.
  Ah! not for them the good man's bitter scorn.
He only is the despicable one
  Who lightly sells his honor as a shield
For fawning knaves to hide them from the sun.
  Too nice for crime, yet, coward, he doth yield
For crime a shelter. Swift to Paradise
The contrite thief, not Judas with his price!

RICHARD WATSON GILDER.

THE NEW JAPANESE MINISTER.

MR. SHINICHIRO KURINO, the new Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of Japan in the United States, who recently arrived at the legation in N Street in Washington, succeeded Mr. Gozo Tateno, soon after the expiration of three years of service by Mr. Tateno, a gentleman who had admirably maintained the cordial relations which have existed for years between Japan and the United States, and whose charming wife, readily adapting herself to Western ways, and acquiring some command of the English language, made the legation one of the most attractive at the capital. Mr. Kurino is still a young man in the diplomatic service. He was born about forty-four years ago, in the south of Japan, and comes of one of the old two-sword Samurai families, a class that is furnishing many of the most advanced and advancing men of the Empire of the Rising Sun. He was liberally educated in Japan, and equipped with a fine knowledge of the English language, he came to the United States and took the law course at Harvard. His stay in this country made him familiar with the country and its government, and was of great advantage to him in the career which he had chosen in the diplomatic service of Japan. Upon his return to his home he entered the Home Foreign Office, in a clerical capacity, where his abilities soon indicated him as a man entitled to advancement and to responsible office. The relations of Japan to Korea have for many years required the services in the Hermit Kingdom of Japanese of good training and natural aptitude, as the disposition of China to be jealous of Japanese influence has been observed by the Emperor of Japan for a long time. While Japan has constantly maintained a diplomatic representative at Seoul, she has found it necessary to send to the Korean capital, from time to time, special representatives to "feel" the situation, consult with the regular representative, and communicate to him the interest of the Home Foreign Office in Korean and Chinese affairs. Mr. Kurino was sent on such missions to Korea in 1882, 1884, and again in 1894, so that he is thoroughly familiar with the events leading up to the conflict now proceeding in Korea. He has also been intrusted with important missions to Europe, having visited France and Portugal in 1893, his mission to Portugal being to denounce the claim of extra-territorial jurisdiction by that country in Japan, its right having expired by a limited convention on the subject. The estimation in which he is held by the Japanese government is indicated by the fact that for several years he has been the chief of the political section of the Home Foreign Office, the branch of the diplomatic service which arranges all treaties and other agreements with foreign countries. An American asking to which political party in Japan the new minister is attached would be told, by a well-informed person, that the government is supposed to ignore political divisions in selecting members of the administration. The administration in Japan is not yet responsive to parties, as in England, the tendency to that state of things being one of the matters of political contention in the empire. The change of ministers at Washington does not involve a change in the rest of the *personnel* of the legation, several of the attachés who were connected with it under Minister Tateno remaining in service with his successor.

SHINICHIRO KURINO.

HON. CHARLES JAMES FAULKNER.

Mr. Faulkner is one of the youngest men ever elected to the United States Senate. When he first made his appearance in Washington he was not known beyond a small circle of public men whose acquaintance he had made in national affairs, or as they had visited West Virginia, generally during political campaigns. He had not been a member of the House of Representatives, and had held no Federal office, but he very quickly acquired a leading position in the Senate by the aptitude which he developed for parliamentary law and for public speaking.

His first term expired in 1893, and before its close he had made his mark by his adroitness during the long fight over the force bill. In that struggle he was recognized as the lieutenant of Senator Gorman, who was the leader of his side of the chamber, and frequently he had charge of the Democratic minority. It was the purpose of the Democrats to wear out their opponents, and to prevent the taking of a vote on the force bill. During this protracted and arduous struggle Mr. Faulkner made a phenomenally long speech, almost equalling the time-wasting effort made by Senator Allen in the memorable contest for the repeal of the Sherman silver act. At last, as will be remembered by the readers of the Weekly, the fate of the force bill was decided by the Republican silver Senators who voted with the Democratic Senators to displace the measure with another, the Democratic Senators in turn voting for a free coinage bill, which was fortunately defeated in the House.

It has been charged that this mutual interchange of votes was the result of a bargain made between the Democrats and the Republicans from the silver States. This accusation has been denied, but there are many signs that the Republican votes were cast practically against the force bill on an understanding that the Democrats would vote for free coinage. If such an understanding was arrived at it was largely due to Senator Faulkner's talent for making compromises.

Once again this decided talent was exhibited during the pendency of the bill providing for the repeal of the Sherman law. Mr. Faulkner came nearer to being an efficient compromiser than any other Senator, and the proposition of which he was the author was the basis of almost every scheme that was formulated, and at one time promised to effect an agreement between silver and anti-silver Senators. Indeed, if it had not been for the administration, which was determined to, and did eventually, compel the passage of an unconditional repeal bill, Senator Faulkner would have secured the adoption of a compromise. He is so thoroughly a party man, however, that he discouraged every effort or suggestion to pass a compromise measure against the wishes of the President. He is a silver man, but first he is a Democrat, and his main object in everything that he did was to maintain harmony and unity in his party.

There is nothing better than these incidents to show what manner of public man Mr. Faulkner is. He is not an idealist, or a theoretical statesman, but a practical politician of the Gorman school, whose aim is to keep the party together and to win victories, not for an abstraction like tariff reform, or civil service reform, or sound money, or fiat money, but for one concrete body called Democratic against another concrete body called Republican. He does not care so much for what the people who act with him believe as he does for their numbers. He is not an ardent revenue-reformer, like Mr. William L. Wilson, from his own State, nor has he very much confidence in the political wisdom or soundness of civil service reform, but he believes in getting as many votes as he can for the Democratic party candidates, no matter how heterogeneous and various may be the political views of those who cast the votes. The carrying out of this principle results in very serious trouble in Congress, as the country has witnessed during the struggle for currency and tariff reform. And that is where Mr. Faulkner is very useful. He is intent on harmonizing these various beliefs, and in producing something which, if it will entirely satisfy no one, will at least not greatly displease any one. Naturally such a man must signally fail when he comes to deal with an issue in which popular sentiment is greatly aroused.

Within the last week Senator Faulkner has been called upon to make an effort for harmony in the party in New York city. He has endeavored to induce some of the Tammany Congressional candidates to withdraw in order that there might be union between the factions of the party. He is the head of the National Congressional Committee, and is naturally and properly anxious that the Democrats should control the next House of Representatives. His encounter with the obstinacy of Tammany must have convinced even him that it is sometimes well to fight inside the party lines.

Besides being a compromiser or diplomatist, Mr. Faulkner is an exceptionally able and agreeable speaker, and a debater much above the average. When he was a young man, soon after the close of the war, he made his appearance at the annual convention of a Greek-letter college society which was held in New York. He was the first member of a Southern chapter of this society who had made his appearance at one of these conventions since before the war, and he greatly pleased and warmed the hearts of his Northern brethren by his eloquence, and the broad grounds he took for reconciliation between the sections. It was many years after that before Mr. Faulkner's name was known in politics, but the eloquence of the young man lingered in the memories of those who heard it, and they were not surprised to learn that the object of their youthful admiration had finally reached the Senate.

He had an exceptionally good start in politics, for his father, who bore the same name, was a foreign minister of our government, and was known not only throughout Virginia, but by Democratic politicians in every part of the country.

Senator Faulkner was born in Martinsburg, now West Virginia, then Virginia, and was graduated at the University of Virginia in the class of 1868. He saw service during the war, having been an aide on the staffs of General Breckinridge and General Wise. During the years that intervened between his admission to the bar and his election to the Senate he practised law successfully at Martinsburg. In many respects he is a typical Virginian, occasionally showing the old-fashioned Southern formality, which is gradually disappearing before the growing commercial spirit of the "New South." He is frank, communicative up to the safety-point, with a genial nature that makes him friends on both sides of the chamber. Mr. Faulkner will never be a great leader, for he is not aggressively attached to any principle, but where his party goes he will go, and if his party should ever shake off the incubus that is just now weighting it down, Mr. Faulkner will be among the foremost to welcome the change. He has been called a Gorman man, a "tool" of Gorman's, and other unpleasant things are said of him of a like nature, but all this is not fact. He is a Gorman man to the extent of following the recognized leader of his party, and in loving harmony a trifle too well; but if the party should turn its back on Gorman, Senator Faulkner will not abide with the rejected leader. But, leader or not, he is not in politics for money, but for honors, and from a love for public questions and political activity.

UNITED STATES SENATOR FAULKNER, OF WEST VIRGINIA.

Drawn from Life by George W. Breck.

THE SALVATION ARMY'S JUBILEE.

The visit to this country of the founder of the Salvation Army, "General" William Booth, has justly been considered an occasion for the sounding of trumpets and for hanging the banners upon the outer wall. A great number of officers and privates were summoned from a distance to swell the hosts in the city. They thronged the "forts," "citadels," and "barracks," and shouted and sang in numberless fervid meetings; but these were in the nature of battalion drills—the tactics, strategy, and spiritual commissariat of the cause, inspiring and equipping the troops anew.

But on Monday and Tuesday evenings, October 22d and 23d, dress parades were in order. As early as seven o'clock Carnegie Music Hall was filled with the Army, and its guests invited to a public welcome to the "General." From the banners with their perfervid mottoes behind the stage, where sat 500 officers and a band of 116 pieces, to the back of the highest gallery, it was one dense crowd, splashed everywhere with army red, and bristling with flags. The boxes in the balconies were filled with clergymen and laymen of consequence with their families; and as one ran his eye along their rows he saw what perhaps would not be visible anywhere else in the world on a similar occasion—Salvationists sitting with their families and friends in these boxes, here a stalwart fellow in his red waistcoat, the pride of well-to-do parents, and there a young lady in her simple blue bonnet and Norfolk jacket beside father and mother and brother in immaculate evening attire. This lifting of the "American Army" to a higher plane of *personnel* and recognition and work is partly the result of better material with which and upon which to work, partly the result of social freedom for expansion, and partly the admirable management of Commissioner Ballington Booth, the son of the founder and his lieutenant. Nobody was surprised therefore, though everybody cheered lustily, when the General announced it as probable that the headquarters of the army might, after a time, come from London to New York.

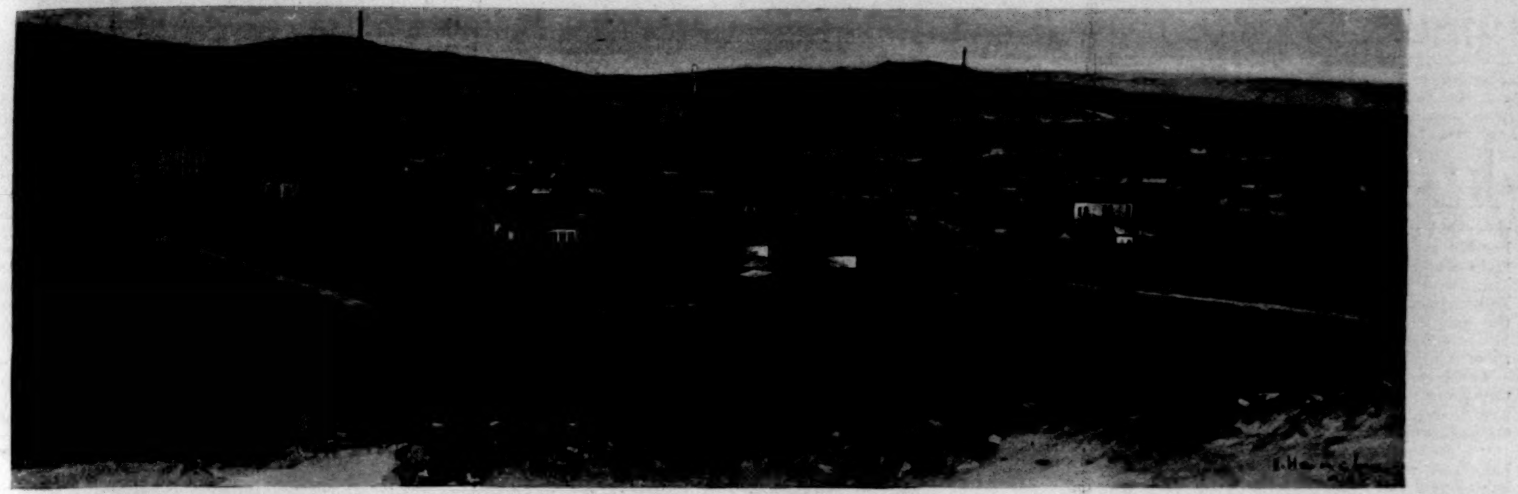
The platform was something to look at. A thousand bright faces shining with enthusiasm; a thousand badges of warfare against misery and sin; men in red waistcoats and blue coats, clerical in cut, military in ornament; banners and flags and bright musical instruments; women in broad shoulder-sashes, red, blue, or white; and one group of young women of the "Slum Corps" wearing great ginghams with "Rescue" printed in large red letters across the bosoms; and many a sweet and roguish face framed in that bonnet which somebody has called "Kiss-me-not," doubtless adding, under his breath, "What a pity!"

The band played, and nobody knows how many tambourines struck into a spontaneous accompaniment. A prayer was made, ending in a great shout of response as the speaker concluded with the form, "And all the people said—Amen!" Instantly the tall Commissioner was on his feet, with a wave of his hand and a note of his clear voice swung the audience into a lilting song that seemed to rock the building, and then, a moment later, commanded silence by a whistled signal to say a word or two in advance of General Booth's appearance.

Suddenly he was descried marching along the front of the platform. In an instant everybody was on his feet, clapping hands, with waving of hats and handkerchiefs. "Now lift up your faces and sing out!" cried the Commissioner, and the band started a hymn to a tune that had a *go* in it like that of an opera air. The audience learned it in half a minute. "Now *clap* it out," and five thousand palms struck together in unison, with the horns and drums and tambourines and hearty voices accenting the quick melody.

It seemed the simplest thing in the world after that to listen to an address to the General from the Protestant ministers of New York and vicinity, assuring him of their approval and support, and to the address to "their beloved General from his sons and daughters in the United States," read by Commissioner and Mrs. Booth, and echoed by a roar of "Hallelujahs!"

Now the General himself arose, a tall, spare, strong-featured, apostle-looking man in the uniform of the Army, and began to speak. He talked with rapid earnestness for an hour, recounting the story of this self-developing movement. He told of his early tendency toward home-missionary labors, and how thirty years ago accident led him into the East End of London, and put him for the first time face to face with the awful destitution and squalor and godlessness of that region. He felt that nothing could be done for those people unless he could first attract their attention. Ordi-



ANACONDA, MONTANA, SHOWING CHIMNEYS OF THE GREAT WORKS.—Drawn by A. Hencke.

nary church methods were utterly useless. Out of this prime necessity came the music and parades and peculiarities of the corps.

His first band of coworkers (from outside) were soon driven off by hardship and ridicule, and he was forced to train up for helpers converts from the slums themselves. The second difficulty was how to provide for and keep converts in this new life. Booth's original idea was to send them to the churches, but this plan failed from three causes: 1. They wouldn't go. 2. The churches wouldn't have them. 3. He wanted to keep them himself. Thus, without plan or foreknowledge, one step or necessity suggesting or compelling another, the Salvation Army grew and spread. The story was told with intense and dramatic interest, and there was nothing of fanaticism to repel the least sympathetic listener. Joshua stilled for a space the rams' horns blowing around the walls of Jericho, and reported upon the progress of the siege.

On Wednesday evening Music Hall was again packed with soldiers and people, and the enthusiasm was intense though quiet. Many distinguished men were on the platform, and Chauncey M. Depew made a characteristic speech, the central idea of which was that General Booth was doing a work that was lasting and *counted*, like that of Peter the Hermit or Martin Luther. The exposition by General Booth of his "Darkest England" scheme of practical philanthropy occupied the remainder of the evening.

THE MONTANA CAPITAL FIGHT.

A CURIOUS contest will culminate on election day in the great mining State Montana in the selection of a State capital. Throughout the Territorial existence of the young State, with the exception of a few years, Helena has been the capital city, but some of the ambitious towns of the State have been busy of late trying to wrest the honor from her.

The Constitution adopted in 1889 provided that any city or town might enter the race at the election of 1892, and that if no choice was then made the two cities having the largest vote should become the final candidates for capital honors at the election of November, 1894. The choice fell between the substantial early-day capital, Helena, and the hamlet of mushroom growth which sprang up as an adjunct to Mr. Marcus Daly's smelteries at Anaconda.

Great excitement now prevails in all parts of the State over this contest, and as the day of the election approaches, the warfare becomes more heated. The Helena party has the Northern Pacific Railway and its branches hard at work in its cause, while Mr. Daly has the Great Northern and a large following in the towns west of the main range, with which he made an important deal in the Legislature of 1893.

The capital fight is in no sense a political issue. There are Democrats, Populists, and Republicans with Mr. Daly, and members of all these parties are likewise opposed to him. Mr. Daly is a wonderful man in more ways than one. He is at the head of the great Anaconda copper mining and smelting properties, for which $25,000,000 was refused in 1891. This is without doubt the greatest and most valuable copper property in the world to-day. Its earnings for last year, admitted for purposes of taxation, were nearly $2,500,000. Its pay-roll, for the miners and smelters together, carries the names all the year round of from 4000 to 6000 men, and Mr. Daly has besides these a small army employed on his railroad from Butte to Anaconda, in his saw-mills, his wood camps, his ranches, and the rest. Among all these his will is absolute. He does not need to dictate or command. So greatly is he respected by his men, and such a magnetic ascendency has he over them, that they only require an intimation of his wishes to serve him with ardor in any direction.

He is nominally a Democrat, but when in 1888 W. A. Clark, of Butte, was the Democratic nominee for Congress, Mr. Daly used his influence for Thomas H. Carter, the Republican nominee, with the result that Carter was elected by a majority such as had never been known in the State before.

This is an indication of Marcus Daly's power in Montana affairs. Hence, when he had his pet town, which he located a few years ago in an obscure corner of the Deer Lodge Valley, enter the race for the capital, the people of Helena, and all who favored its claims, were aware that a battle royal must be fought and won, or the State capital would surely be side-tracked for Mr. Daly's personal gratification.

There were many struggling newspapers in the State which were ready to serve almost any interest that would give them the wherewith to keep alive. By their croakings a mild sort of feud was engendered between the west-side towns and Helena, which reached a climax in the Legislature of 1892, when the passage of necessary legislation for the formation of the State University came up for discussion.

Mr. Daly was on hand with his henchmen to stir up the strife. Helena men led in the attempt to have the university consolidated at one point, so that it might in time be made a compact and thorough-going institution. All the educators, ministers, and other educated elements all over the State took this view of the subject, but their opinions were destined to exercise little influence on the event. Mr. Daly saw great advantages in the division of the university, and by aiding with his forces in this plan cemented the opposition in favor of his capital boom.

His victory on the university question was complete. The institution was parcelled out among the towns that gave pledges to aid him in the capital fight, the Agricultural College going to Bozeman, the School of Mines to Butte, and other sections to other places on the west side of the range, all of which were for Daly, and against Helena.

There has been no cessation on either side in the preparations for the final struggle now so near at hand. Since the result of the election of '92 was known Helena has not lost a moment, and Mr. Daly has been strengthening his position at every point. Nobody knows what his motive is. He is certainly seeking nothing for himself, for he would not take any office the people could give him, and he commands wealth which is simply fabulous. It is well known that he entertains a supreme hatred of Helena and some of its people, and many believe he has precipitated this fight with a view to settling some old scores. He is called the "White Czar," and many believe that he would like to wield the power which this name implies.

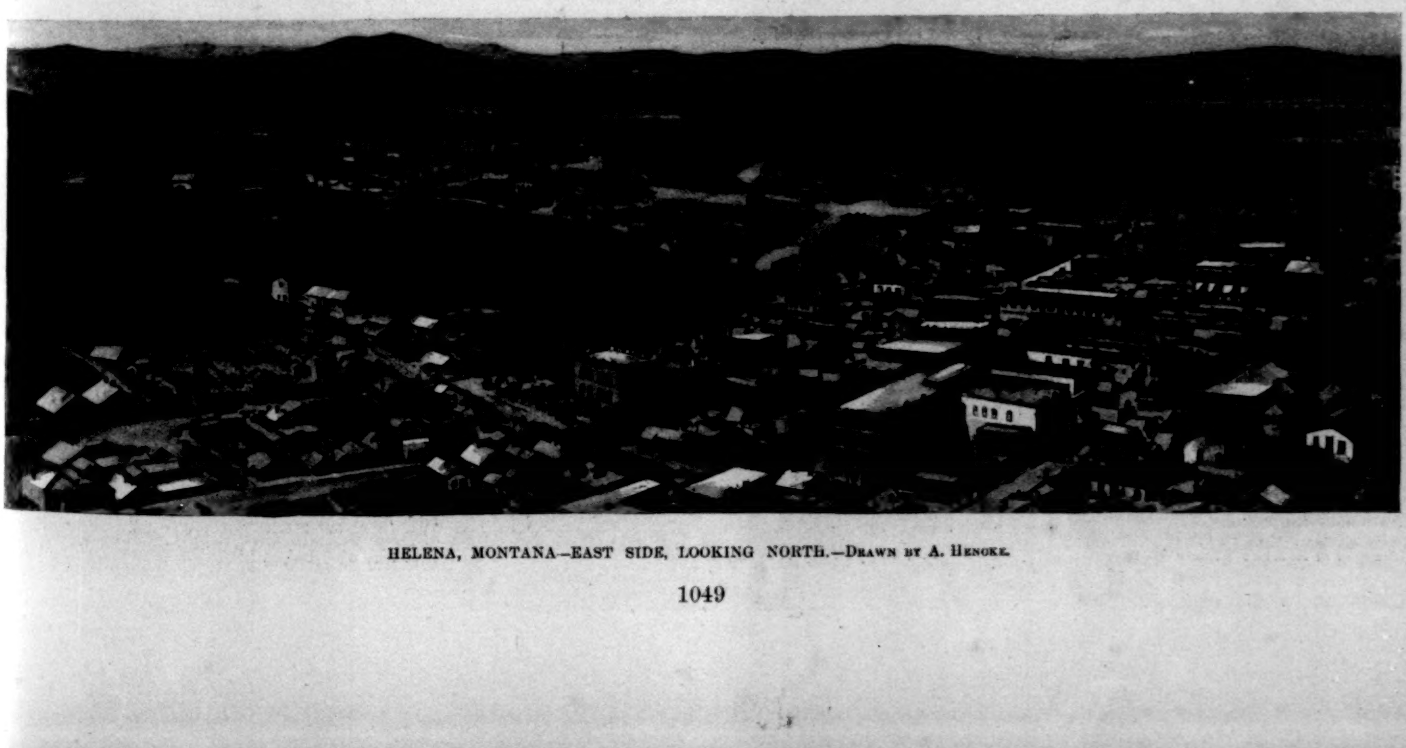
Helena is a city of 15,000 inhabitants, most of whom own their homes. Its stores and residences are on a larger and finer scale than are usually found in a town of its size, because there has always been plenty of money there, and Helena has been the metropolis of Montana from the days of the early gold excitement. Last Chance Gulch, in which the original town was situated, and where is the heart of the present city, was a great bonanza of placer gold, over $35,000,000 in dust and nuggets having been found there. Near by are some of the finest hot springs in the country, and a bathing establishment and hotel that would do credit to a much more populous region. The city has a good free library, flourishing clubs, several sound and well-managed banking-houses, retail stores which equal any in the West, and all those modern conveniences in the way of water-works, electric lights and street cars, good streets, etc., which help to make the modern city a desirable place of residence. The schools also are the best in the State, and there are two colleges on a prosperous basis. The city's situation is one of the finest in Montana, against the south mountains of the great Prickly-pear Valley, and in the county named for the famous explorers Lewis and Clarke. Its climate is one of the finest in the world, and its centrality of location, easy accessibility, and general merits, together with the enterprise of its citizens, will make it always the metropolis of the State.

Anaconda, on the other hand, contains only Mr. Daly's copper-smelteries, and the Hotel Montana, which is also his property, the homes of his employés, and such business houses, saloons, etc., as they support. It is an isolated, out-of-the-way place, which could never have been thought of for the State capital except under the circumstances and for the reasons above noticed. The disinterested reader can appreciate, therefore, the anxiety which pervades the minds of the patriotic people of the State over the prospect of having their State government sequestered in such a place through such agencies.

The people are not sitting idly by, and it is even believed that some of the men who are pledged to support Mr. Daly's town by their votes at the coming election are very sorry for their bargain. Helena has been using the Northern Pacific and its branches to bring in the people from all sections of the State that they may see what Helena is like. At least 10,000 persons have been thus enabled to see the city for themselves in the last few weeks, most of whom had previously known it only from hearsay. All these people were given the freedom of the city, and were shown great courtesy by its citizens. Most of them went back to their homes with an enthusiastic determination to support Helena with all their might.

Helena believes she will win, and it is devoutly to be hoped that she may. But Mr. Daly is hard at work, and newspapers have been subsidized in his interest throughout Montana. In many cases their plants have been bought outright, so that no excuse could be found for making their advocacy of Anaconda half-hearted. It will be one of the most interesting features of the fall elections, which will be watched with interest throughout the country. I predict that the capital will remain at Helena, and that thus the common-sense and patriotism of Montana's people will be vindicated.

J. A. MacKnight,
Formerly Editor Helena *Journal.*



HELENA, MONTANA—EAST SIDE, LOOKING NORTH.—Drawn by A. Hencke.

THE MASTER.*

BY I. ZANGWILL.

CHAPTER XXV.—(*Continued.*)

TWO WOMEN.

ELEANOR opened the door—a radiant, adorable apparition in a big white clay-smeared blouse with a huge serviceable pocket. He had never imagined her thus; he was as taken aback by her appearance as she by his presence. Both recovered themselves in a moment; the sight of her in this homely artistic costume knocked her off the pedestal of fashion and propriety in which his mental vision had posed her; she became part of that brave young democracy of Art he had just left; and there was a charming camaraderie in the gay laugh with which, withdrawing her long white hands beyond reach of his proffered glove, and exhibiting them piquantly clay-covered, she cried, "Can't shake."

The seriousness of the imagined meeting vanished in a twinkling. He looked at her dancing eyes, the sweet red mouth smiling with a gleam of lustrous teeth; he had an audacious inspiration.

"Well, then, there's nothing for it but—" he said, smiling back, and finished the sentence by kissing her. Instantly her eyelids drooped, half closing; her lips responded passionately to his.

They were withdrawn in a moment before he could realize what he had done, or the wonderful transformation in their relations.

"In the street!" she cried, horrified, and ran within. He followed her, closing the door; his heart beat tumultuously now. Nothing could undo that moment. A wilderness of talk could not have advanced matters so far.

Through the tall glass roof of the airy studio the sun streamed in rays of dusty gold, dappling the imaginative designs modelled in clay, the busts, fountains, serpents, rock-work, witches, that variegated the shelves, and lent an air of fantasy and poetry, extruding the tedious commonplace of plebeian existence, and harmonizing with the joyous aloofness of the scene in the court-yard, its sense of existence in and for itself, by souls attuned to Art and dedicated to loveliness.

Mrs. Wyndwood stood, saucily beautiful, leaning against a shelf, with one hand in the pocket of her blouse, and rubbing the clay of the other against the sides of what looked like a tin baking-dish filled with plaster pie. How harmonious was that tilt to her nose! He had never noticed before how delightfully it turned up. She smiled roguishly.

"Imprudent creature! Suppose Olive had been in!"

This great moment was taken in a livelier key than he had ever dreamed.

"But *you* were out," he said, trying to respond to her lightness, though he trembled in every limb. He made a movement towards her. She shrank back against the shelf.

"Don't!" she cried, gayly. "You'll spoil your gloves."

He dabbled them magnificently in a heap of plaster of Paris and advanced nearer.

"Now, you'll spoil my blouse," she cried, retreating sideways.

He tore off the gloves and threw them on the floor.

"Is that a challenge?" she laughed, but the laughter died in a gurgle. He had stopped her breath. She did not struggle, but lay in his arms silent like a tired lovely child—at rest at last, her happy face pressed to his. "Oh, my dear," she murmured, cooingly. "And all those months you never kissed me once!"

"I did not dare," he answered, with a pang of remorse.

"You gave me no hint that you—that you cared for me."

A beautiful blush blossomed and faded on her face.

"But you should have understood. I needed the touch."

And her face nestled closer against his.

Even now it seemed dreamlike that this marvellous happiness should be his; that this fastidious complex creature of fashionable London whom he had dared to love should be pillowing her perfumed head on the shoulder of the man who in his laborious and wretched youth had wheeled a bird-stuffer's barrow through Whitechapel. His life lay behind him like a steep arduous hill rising to this celestial cloudland.

"If I had only known," he said, brokenly. "Oh, how I loved you that night of the storm!"

"And how I adored you," she confessed, intoxicatingly. "You were so brave, so manly that day. You saved Olive's life; you saved her for me and for Herbert. Oh, how noble! We none of us thanked you, it was all laughter and badinage, but you were my hero, my true, great, strong, simple man."

And her lips sought his humbly, his eyes swimming in tears.

"Let me kiss you now for your brave deed. Ah, how I was afraid when Herbert, looking through his glass, cried out that something had happened to Olive, that you had swum back for her. I felt my life growing dark. Suppose I had lost you both?"

And her mobile face grew tragic at the thought. He held her tighter.

"Eleanor! How I love you!" he articulated, in a hoarse whisper that was half a sob.

Her tragic features lightened to a winsome reproachful smile.

"And when I came to your studio, you gave me....tea."

"If I had only known! if I had only dared!"

"You must dare with a woman."

Her arms had been resting on his shoulders—she threw them round his neck.

"Oh, my master—now and ever."

Conscience slipped into paradise. He unwound her arms.

"You forget my—secret."

She moved her chin bewitchingly upwards.

"You have sealed my lips."

He kissed them again. "And you can love me despite that? I am not worthy of such a sacrifice."

Her bosom heaved beneath the blouse; her eyes kindled with the old spiritual fire; her voice rang passionately.

"You *are* worthy! Life has been too cruel to you—you need a woman's heart to cherish you; you shall not be starved of the sunshine; you shall work in happiness. Ah! that is what I have learnt here in this happy liberal air. Art is the child of joyful labor—it is the sunshine of life. You are sad, miserable, and it harrows my heart. Oh, if I can bring joy and peace to the soul of a man like you, if I can indeed inspire your Art, my wretched life will not have been wasted. You have told me that I could, tell it me again."

"You, and you only, can bring me joy and peace."

She caressed his hair with a tender protective hand.

"And you," he faltered, tremulously—"I shall not make you unhappy?"

"I shall be happier than I have ever been," and her arms stole round him again in simple trust.

"Ah, I was forgetting. Life owes *you* happiness, too. If I dared to think I could bring you forgetfulness of the past!"

She shuddered. Her arms unlaced themselves of their own accord. She dropped into a chair before the table and laid them across the moulding-dish, and buried her head in her hands. He stood by helpless, torn by emotions, waiting till the flood of bitter memories should have spent itself, watching her shoulders quivering, and the sunlight lying upon her hair like a consecration.

"Oh, Douglas!" she was moaning. "Did I do you wrong? Did I do you wrong? But I meant the best, I always meant the best, God knows. And you cannot chide me now, you are dead and cold, and it is all so long ago."

He shivered nervously. Truly women were incomprehensible, he thought. No man could follow the leaps and turns of their emotion. They were a higher, more ethereal order of being. But he reverenced her for her loyalty to the unworthy dead, her punctilious self-torture, even while he envied the man who had been privileged to call her "wife."

He touched her hair reverently—there where the sunshine rested.

"Don't cry, dear Eleanor."

A great burst of sobbing shook her. "Oh, life is so difficult!" He bent down beside her, ineffably pitiful.

"We are going to make it easier for one another," he said, gently. His hair touched hers. She turned her tear-flecked face, and their lips met. "We are going to begin over again," he murmured. She stifled her sobs like a soothed child, and sprang up with a smile struggling through rain-clouds.

"Yes, with you I can begin over again, master," and she looked into his face with her naïve beseeching trustfulness.

"This is a new life already," he said, touching her blouse. She gave a laugh of childish joy.

"Yes, yes! This is a new life—the past is dead—this is my neophyte's robe. Ah, it changes one, this Paris, does it not? I am an artist, and you are my master. It is you who have awakened me to Art! Oh, I knew this would happen. That wonderful old woman! She's a fortune-teller in Bethnal Green, Matt—the Duchess of Portsdown gave me her address—and after you were so cold to me when I came to your studio in London, I went to see her. Such a queer, wrinkled hag, and such a dingy, wretched room up such a dirty flight of stairs—oh, I was afraid! But she was marvellous! She knew I was a widow—that I had been married unhappily—that I was a fashionable lady—though I went in my oldest clothes, and hid my rings in my purse for fear of their being stolen. And she said I should love again and be loved. You should have seen her wicked old eyes as she spoke of love—they were like live coals. And then she predicted I should marry again and lead a long and happy life with a dark man, distinguished and rich, who should inspire me to a new faith. Isn't it marvellous?" She took his hand and smoothed the wrist caressingly.

"It is you who have inspired me to a new faith," he answered, tremulously. "It is you who have awakened me to Art. Do you know what happened to me this morning when I went to seek you out? I too was reborn."

He told her the auspicious incident—how he had been photographed as part of the fresh young art-life.

She clapped her jewelled hands.

"It is providential—foreordained. We are to be happy."

"Happy!" He shivered with sudden foreboding. "Another prophetess declared I was never to be happy," he said, sadly. "To thirst, and to thirst, and never to quench my thirst!"

"Oh, that is all superstitious nonsense!" she cried, vehemently. "You *must* be happy; you *shall* be happy; the world must not lose your Art; *I* will save it."

Her face was glorified.

"But the cost to yourself," he faltered.

"I will pay the price. You love me. For me to ruin your life—that would be sin."

She drew his head to her bosom and smoothed back the curly hair from his forehead.

"My dear, my dear," she murmured.

He gulped back the lump in his throat. "No, this is not sin. You have redeemed me; I never felt so at peace with all things," he said, in low religious tones. "Oh, we will shame the world—we will live high and true; our happiness shall radiate to all that sorrows and suffers; our home shall be the home of Art; it shall stand open to all the young artists striving faithfully in poverty; it shall be a centre of blessing, and you shall inspire more than me, my saint, my Eleanor. Suffering has made me morose and solitary, now I feel at one with my kind, longing to do my truest work for my brothers. Oh, God bless you, my dear!"

A startled look of alarm had come into her face. She loosed her embrace of him.

"But, Matt! We cannot have a home."

He had a chill of apprehension.

"But we love each other."

She waved her hands agitatedly. "The world would cry fie upon me—"

"We will cry fie upon it."

"Oh, but you are not thinking! Who would come to the house? How is it to be a centre of blessing?"

"We will win the world's respect. What! You and I! Are we not strong enough? You with your noble past—I, who come from nothing and have won *you*."

"You talk like a dreamer, a poet, and I love you for it. But you do not know the world—how it ignores the realities of things."

"Oh, I know the canting hypocrisy that puts its faith in shows, and honors loveless marriage. I will teach it to respect a home of love, and the work that is its fruit. You are right, happiness is the mother of great art. Oh, how I shall work now, Eleanor, Eleanor!"

"You may overtop Raphael; you will never be an R.A."

"What has my private life to do with Art?" he demanded, fiercely.

"Nothing with Art, but everything with English Art. You will lose your R.A."

"I shall gain you."

She shook her head.

"Why not gain both?"

"Ah, but you say it is impossible!"

"I do not say so. What need is there to wear our hearts upon our sleeves?" She touched his sleeve now, insinuating caressing fingers. "Darling, don't you see how hard it would be for me to bear—I am not a man. The worst of the scorn would be for me. Society is very hard upon those who will not be unconventional in secret. I have not your courage and strength. You will not shame me."

He weakened.

"Oh, I am thoughtless," he said, and stood miserable, unconscious of the caressing fingers.

His brow lightened.

"Nobody knows I'm married. If we came back and set up house together people would think we had been married abroad."

She put her hands to her face with a desperate gesture. "Oh, but I could not bear Olive to know."

His heart leaped. "Has Herbert told her I'm married?"

"No; she does not know."

"He is a fine fellow."

"But she would be sure to learn it one day—it would leak out."

"Then she would keep the secret."

She shook her head. "You don't know Olive," she said, from between her palms. "She is hard on women. I would have sat to you ages ago, only I was afraid of her sneers. I wouldn't have her to know for worlds. I used to think her sexless."

"But now that she is to be married—"

"She will be more conventional than ever."

He tossed back his hair impatiently. "Then we must dispense with Olive."

For a long time she did not reply. He thought his harshness towards her friend had set her crying again. He gently forced her hands from her face. It was flushed and pain-stricken.

"Forgive me. I have hurt you," he said, in contrition.

"No; you do not understand. And Olive has been so good to me. She takes charge of all my affairs—" She hesitated. "I don't even know what my income is, or—" with a candid engaging smile—"whether I have an income at all. And I'm afraid I spend a great deal."

He straightened his shoulders. "I am very glad of that. I will work for you. I can wring gold from the world." Rapid calculations flashed through his mind—already he regretted his last year's inactivity, the destruction of his picture.

She was blushing adorably. "No, I could not take anything from you . . . . if we lived apart. No, no."

"Not from me? Oh, Eleanor. Then we must make our home together."

"But don't I tell you that is impossible?" she said, almost pettishly, on the brink of tears. "The world would get to know the truth. There is that Ruth Hailey you spoke of, who knows your brother, and who through her connection with Linda Verder gets brought into contact with all sorts of people. And your wife would hear of it, too. Unscrupulous persons would egg her on to move. There would be blackmailing, everything sordid and horrible." She shuddered violently. . . . "Oh, you do not know the world—you have lived with your eyes shut, fixed on inward visions."

He opened them now, startled to find himself lectured for want of worldliness by this ethereal creature. She dissipated his uneasy bewilderment by a swift transition: her face dimpled itself with reassuring smiles. She pulled the lock at his forehead with a fascinating tug.

"Don't be such a hot-headed Quixote, dear. There is time enough to plan out the future. Circumstances may change—" Her face saddened. "The poor creature may be taken, and your idea may seem more plausible when I have got used to it—you come with a rush and a crash—like those waves that night." She smiled wistfully. "And I am only a woman and timid. Can't you see I've been frightened to death all this last half-hour?"

"Frightened of me?"

"No," with a pathetic smile. "Frightened of Olive. Twenty times I thought I caught her footsteps."

"What if she does come? She won't be surprised to see me here."

"No, but I have a plan. It will be safest if she doesn't know you're in Paris at all. You must leave me at once."

His heart sank. "But when do I see you?"

"Next Sunday evening."

"A whole week?" The sunlight seemed gone.

"On Sunday morning Olive goes to Brussels for a few days—she's only waiting to finish that statuette of Fate: isn't it weird? All those things there are Olive's handiwork: how clever she is! I only do the menial work of—"

"Yes, yes," he interrupted, impatiently. "And on Sunday evening?"

"You will call for me here—say about seven—you will take me to dinner, somewhere quiet in this great free Paris." She made a great circle with her arms, as if enjoying the elbow-room. "And then—" she smiled intoxicatingly—"then we can talk over the future." Her eyes looked heavenly promise. He caught her in his arms. This time she struggled away.

"No, no! She may be back at any moment. I hear footsteps. You must go."

She pushed him towards the door.

"Mayn't I write?"

"No; Olive would see the letter."

The footsteps passed by.

He looked back in reluctant farewell as he fumbled at the door-handle. She was close behind him.

She opened her arms, and his head was on her breast again. "Oh, my dear, my dear," she murmured, "it is hard to wait."

Then she pushed him outside, her face grown spiritual again in its anxiety, and slammed the door, and he reeled like a drunken man.

Her last look haunted him—soulful, alluring, intoxicating. He was almost sobbing with happiness. Heaven had been kind to him at last. The balmy air fanned his brow. He walked on aimlessly, in a beatific trance.

How happy the world was! How the sunshine streamed with its dancing motes! How gay the kiosks with their dainty posters and the piquant designs of great caricaturists laughing from the front pages of the illustrated journals! How light-hearted those bourgeois drinking red wine at the *al fresco* tables! What a jolly, bulbous-nosed old cabman that was who hailed him, not knowing he had quicksilver

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1950.

in his veins, and must needs give his limbs to lively motion. He sauntered on at random, buoyant, treading on sunbeams, a song at his heart, breathing in the sense of the spacious airy city that sparkled in the spring sunshine, mother of nimble spirits; he crossed the river, glittering in a long sweep, with Notre Dame rising on its island in picturesque antiquity; the bookstalls on the quays thrilled him with a remembrance of the joys of reading; he strode on humming a merry tune, the bustle of traffic was a musical accompaniment to it; he stopped at a great leafy square, alive with pedestrians, to watch the limpid water leaping from a beautiful fountain; around him were the seductive programmes of theatres, eloquent of artistic acting, of fine comedy, of poetic tragedy. He strolled on, absorbing noble buildings, and churches, and splendid public monuments. How fair life was, how marvellously compacted! Gladness was at the heart of all things.

The city passed into his soul as never before; its radiant message of elegance, proportion, style, sanity, unity, lucidity, exquisite sensibility to the material, balanced by an æsthetic delight in ideas, and the spirit of gayety over all; henceforth, thanks to Eleanor, he would be of it, following Art for the joy of Art, out of the happiness of the soul, sun-clear, without stagnant vapors of discontent, those fits of spleen bred of foggy, uncouth London; he would be fixed at last, swinging steadily on a pivot of happiness, a lover of life and a praiser thereof. All its sweetness had been diverted from him—it had passed to others. Now at last he would be self-centred. He rambled on, he crossed the Pont-Passy, and saw the old city rising quaint and steep in wooded terraces. Oh, love and life! Oh, life and love! Why had people besmirched the Creation with soilures of cynicism, plaguing the air with pessimistic laments, graceless grunts of swine nosing garbage?

He remembered the Salon with a sudden start, and retraced his steps towards the Champs Elysées, watching the endless procession of elegant equipages rolling steadily to and from the Bois, with their panorama of luxurious women. He entered the Salon; the pictures delighted him, the crowd enraptured him, a young girl's face stirred him to a mood of paternal benediction; he met Cornpepper, A.R.A., there, and felt the little man was his dearest friend. Cornpepper introduced him to his newly acquired wife, who said the exhibition was indecent.

"You are right, my dear; there isn't a decent picture there," Cornpepper chuckled, grimacing to adjust his monocle, and feeling his round beard. "Ichabod. The glory is departed from Paris. The only chaps who can paint nowadays are the Neo-Teutonic school. The Frenchmen are played out—they have even lost their taste. They bought a picture of mine last year, you remember. I palmed off the rottenest thing I'd ever done on 'em. It's in the Luxembourg—you go and see it, old man, and you tell me if I'm not right. Now, mind you do! Ta, ta, old fellow. Sorry you're not in the Academy this year—but it's a good advertisement for you. I think I shall be ill myself next year. But we mustn't talk shop. Good-by, old man. Oh, by-the-way, I hear your cousin's engaged to an heiress. It's true, is it? Lucky beggar that Herbert? Better than painting, eh? Ha! ha! ha! But I knew he'd never do anything. Didn't he win the Gold Medal, eh? Ho! ho! ho! Well, *au revoir*. Don't forget the Luxembourg. Thanks for a pleasant chat, and wish you better."

Matthew shook his hand for the third time with unabated affection. "What a clever fellow Cornpepper was, and what a pretty wife he had got!"

He went to his hôtel to dine. The courtyard was gay with lounging, lolling visitors, the fountain in the centre leaped and sparkled with changing colors, like an effervescence of the city. Far into the night he sat out on the balcony of his gilt-skied, many-mirrored bedroom, gazing at the beautiful boulevards stretching serenely away in the moonlight between their gigantic edifices.

How he lived through the rest of the week he never definitely remembered. He would have willingly given the days away, but as they had to be filled up somehow, they left confused recollections of theatres and ballets, of rencontres with random acquaintances, of riding on tiny tram-cars to see the zoological garden in the Bois de Boulogne, of wandering in a rag fair, of reading modern French poetry, of visiting the ateliers of French painters whom he knew, and sympathizing with their grumbles against the Institute and the distribution of decorations, while wondering inwardly why these overgrown school-boys languished and died for lack of a bit of ribbon. What could a man want in life but to paint and to love? State recognition? Bah! The artist was always an anarchist. He stood alone, self-centred.

One of the leading Impressionists gave him a ticket for a students' ball on the Saturday night; it had been postponed for a few weeks through the death of a beloved professor. He had never seen one, and he reckoned upon it to while away that last intolerable night. Several times during the week he had thought of going to see Ruth Hailey, but he shrank instinctively from the raking up of memories of the old unhappy days at this joyous crisis; he was not in the mood

(*Continued on page 1052.*)

AN ASTHMA CURE AT LAST.

EUROPEAN physicians and medical journals report a positive cure for Asthma, in the Kola plant, found on the Congo River, West Africa. The Kola Importing Co., 1164 Broadway, New York, are sending free trial cases of the Kola Compound by mail to all sufferers from Asthma who send name and address on a postal card. A trial costs you nothing.—[*Adv.*]

IT'S A PALACE.

PROBABLY the most palatial office building in America is the one recently erected by Hiram Walker & Sons, Limited, at Walkerville, Canada. That the Canadian Club Whiskey is well known in every country in the world has long been an undisputed fact, but that the Walkers, its distillers, had become multi-millionaires through its enormous sales, those who were the fortunate recipients of an invitation to the opening of its new building were quite convinced.

The exterior resembles an Italian palace of the severe Florentine style. Two stories face the river front, and entrance is made by a double stairway of pink stone, curving gracefully about a handsome fountain. The walls are of Potsdam sandstone and Canadian terra-cotta. There is no attempt at elaborate decoration; apart from the carved cornices and bases, the only further ornaments are two cartouches—one bearing the firm monogram, the other reading *Hiram Walker & Sons, Limited.*

The entrance is through a lofty archway, with heavily grated doors of hammered bronze. These ponderous doors admit you to a roomy vestibule, the walls and ceiling of which are of majolica. Up a few steps, a pair of heavy oak doors, studded with bronze rosettes, divide the vestibule from the corridor entrance. A great blue vase on a pedestal stands at the entrance. The floor of the vestibule is a mosaic, after the design of San Miniato, the old church at Florence. Its curious arabesques are illuminated at night by an antique lamp like that of the Borghese palace.

The general offices are on the street level, and their fittings are those of a metropolitan banking-house. All the desks and vaults are in enclosures formed by polished-oak wood-work and great panes of plate-glass, with railings of ornamental brass-work. Every desk and chair exactly matches the wood-work, and conforms to the style of architecture in which the room is finished.

The various Walker Companies occupy the entire building. Each member has a private office, which is in excellent taste, while sumptuous to a degree. In each is some artistic bit reproduced from a famous museum or palace. In one, the elaborate fireplace is a *fac-simile* of the one in the Museum of Orleans, France; in another, is a fireplace patterned after one in a chamber of the Doge's palace in Venice; a third fireplace is inspired by the one in the ducal palace at Urbino, Italy. The reception-room is a duplicate of the interior of the Chateau Blois. The furniture in this room was secured from the Italian exhibit at the World's Fair, and was made in Venice. There are richly carved tables and numerous chairs of exquisite design and workmanship. Rich rugs decorate the floor, and several great urns have positions in which they add new suggestion to the elegance of all. A room where many of the guests lingered was the sample-room, where a wrought-iron antler lamp, quaintly carved chairs, and the cases on the walls filled with all sorts of sample bottles showing the produce of the great Walkerville distilleries, brought to recollection the wine-rooms of Nuremberg.

The Walkers are men of integrity and intelligence, who have displayed a love of art combined with business sagacity. May they all live long and prosper. —[*Adv.*]

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

THE VALUE OF GOOD BREAD is appreciated by every one, but so few are able to secure uniformly good results. This is often due to the fact that when milk is used the character of it is exceedingly variable; by using Borden's Peerless Brand Evaporated Cream you will overcome this difficulty. Try it. —[*Adv.*]

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MISS OLGA NETHERSOLE IN "THE TRANSGRESSOR."

(*Continued from page* 1051.)

for extraneous emotion. Nevertheless, on the Saturday afternoon, half from a growing uneasiness about the part her knowledge of his domestic relations might play in certain contingences now possible, half for want of anything better to do, he set out to pay the long-projected visit. He would feel how the ground lay, discover if she had innocently betrayed him to anybody who might touch Eleanor's circle, and what the chances were of her reticence for the future or of her return to England. He had a dim unformed idea of appealing to her for silence, but he did not really meditate invoking her sympathies; she was on the eve of departing for the Antipodes—was perhaps already gone.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A SUÇCESSFUL LONDON SUCCESS.

LONDON has been sending us so many "successes" in things theatrical of late that from the American point of view are not only positively bad, but positively reprehensible, that it is a pleasure to welcome from the metropolis of the world a success that is not wholly devoid of merit. Miss Olga Nethersole, who has recently come hither, is a young woman of promise, and of promise which may be fulfilled if she has the fortune to fall into good hands, and will consent to travel upon her merits, and not upon the "success" she has made in the estimation of Londoners, who have given to *A Gaiety Girl* their unqualified approval, and who consider the plays of Mr. and Mrs. Kendal virtuous, and worthy to be patronized by young people.

The Transgressor as a play is hardly of the kind to commend itself to New York theatre-goers. It is talky and long; it presents many of the vulnerable points that Mr. Jerome K. Jerome so cleverly touches upon in his *Stage land*, wherein snow-storms fall only upon outcasts, villains stalk always in patent-leather boots, whether they be aristocratic villains or mere waifs of the streets, and marked detective ability is invariably manifested in tow-headed idiots who smoke cigarettes through three acts and produce happiness all around for the truly good at the end of the fourth. The play is apparently written to show that a man ought to be allowed to marry a second wife before his first wife dies if the first has had the misfortune to get into a lunatic asylum as a permanent resident. The idea strikes everybody but the hero as preposterous, curiously enough; but Mr. Gattie, the author, does not seem to realize how preposterous his proposition is until he gets to his final curtain, when even he changes his mind, and considerately has the real wife die to save the husband from arrest as a bigamist. The ungrateful task of fulfilling the destiny of the second wife is assigned to Miss Nethersole, and she does very well so long as she believes she is the legal wife of the gentleman with large eyes who has deceived her. When she discovers, however, that her lord and master already has a wife living, yet persists in loving and remaining by him, she loses the sympathy of her audience, which in the present stage of her development she greatly needs to help her out of her difficulties as Miss Nethersole.

Up to the time of the discovery Miss Nethersole is more than acceptable; she is very charming. At the moment of the discovery of the man's treachery she reaches the culminating point of her art as it is manifested in this play, and the result upon the whole is satisfactory. It has its defects, however, the greatest of which is its artificiality. Miss Nethersole never seems quite to forget that she is acting. She is not, like Duse, living the part she essays to portray; she is only acting it. She is conscious of the foot-lights; she knows she is Miss Nethersole, and not an unhappy woman betrayed into a false marriage by the man she loves; she is constantly aware that beyond those foot-lights there is an audience looking at her; she realizes that the oaken wainscoting of the room is painted canvas, and that the deceitful creature she is in love with is merely a mediocre actor with whom she is not in love. The result is that the audience finds the tendency contagious, and it too realizes all this—that it is only acting, that the poor young woman is not in such bad straits after all, or, if she is, will be out of them in time for the countrymen in the audience to catch the midnight train home.

So obviously unreal is the situation that in the midst of some very boisterous outbursts of high tragedy the audience forgets the tragedy, and wishes the villanous hero wouldn't roll his eyes so wildly and looked more easy in evening dress; and this failure to absorb the attention of the beholder is due wholly to the young actress's extreme self-consciousness and devotion to technique, both of which are doubtless the result of inexperience. That in herself Miss Nethersole is sufficiently magnetic to attract and sufficiently emotional of nature to sway the emotions of an audience if she will forget her art, and so serve it best, no one who has seen her can doubt, but until she does close her eyes to her actual surroundings and throws her genius unreservedly into being for the moment what she pretends to be, wholly discarding the novice's desire to make an impression, she will fall short of a complete rounding out of her powers.

It is also unfortunate that at present Miss Nethersole does not seem able to forget her models. Several years ago it was quite a fad among comedians desirous of showing their versatility to give imitations of famous actors. One cannot help being reminded of this in many instances by Miss Nethersole's acting. At one time she so strongly suggests Mrs. Kendal that one wonders if, after all, it isn't Mrs. Kendal who is up there playing jokes on the American theatre-goer by coming here and acting before them under an assumed name. Elsewhere Miss Nethersole glides gently away from Mrs. Kendal, and for a brief period becomes Bernhardt; in her remarkable animation and vivacity of manner she obviously has Ellen Terry in mind; and in one melancholy moment a listener with his eyes shut would be more than likely to open them quickly to see if by some odd chance Henry Irving had not walked upon the stage.

It is all very well for a beginner to be a composite of all that is good, to give a dignified impersonation of the mannerisms of the most successful theatrical personages of the day, but it doesn't do for a London success to do any such thing. People go to Palmer's Theatre to see Miss Nethersole, not to see Irving and Terry and Bernhardt, or even Mrs. Kendal. They go for a new intellectual dish, so to speak, a fresh *entrée*, not a rehash of the remnants of things they have had at previous meals; and yet through it all there is a flavor which suggests something excessively palatable. The actress is unquestionably an interesting addition to the stage folk of the day, not so much for what she is as for what she may become—what she would become if she would give herself over to a knowledgable martinet, who would put her through a course of discipline.

Even as she is it is likely that a large majority of those who have seen her will decide that they must see her again, and will be glad when the dreary platitudes and unpleasant situations of *The Transgressor* are put away, and something more worthy of her talents substituted. She may be able to make a Camille; it is not unlikely that she would make a most acceptable Jane Eyre; and some time when she knows more about the art of Duse, and cares less for the plaudits of the audience, she will do something that will rank high. As she stands, even in *The Transgressor*, she may congratulate herself as being the best and most understandable of the London successes that have come to us in recent years.

As for Mr. Wilton Lackaye, who essayed the rôle of the miserable person who deceives Sylvia, he relieved the tedium of a play wholly devoid of humor. He was not always funny, but most of the time he was, although it is certain that the author intended him to be otherwise. He did not make anybody laugh, but that was not because he was not humorous. It was due rather to the audience's sense of propriety, which would not permit them to laugh at a maudlin sentimental ruffian who, having one wife living, married another, and while more or less uneasy about it, could not be brought to see that he had committed any grievous wrong. He did admit several times that from a legal point of view he had erred, but morally he insisted he was perfectly justified, and in the last act the joyful expression on his face when he learned that his real wife had died under a painful operation was delightful to witness. The responsibility for idiosyncrasies of this nature, however, must not be placed upon Mr. Lackaye's shoulders, but upon those of Mr. Gattie, the author of the play. Mr. Lackaye did the best he could with an ungrateful part, and no one could deny that his clothes were apparently made by a first class tailor.

It will probably be said, and with some truth perhaps, that with a leading man to support her who inspires his audience with such sentiments as those just expressed, the young actress can hardly be expected to carry everything before her, as she seems to have done in London, but it is the penalty of the star in many instances, thanks to a bad system, that he or she must alone carry and sustain the interest of the play, however bad the support may be. This Miss Nethersole is not yet able to do. Whatever of inspiration she may derive from the presence on the stage of that always delightful actor Mr. Holland, here given, unhappily, a most insignificant part, or from Mr. J. H. Barnes, who does well whatever is given him to do, she completely loses in her scenes with Mr. Lackaye. A great actress can carry a whole company of mediocrities, but Miss Nethersole cannot. Some day she may do so; that day, however, will not dawn unless she forgets a great deal that she has learned, and comes to regard herself as so much raw material in which there are great possibilities.

Of one thing she may be sure, at any rate. She has interested New York, and New York has consequently the kindliest of feelings toward her, and will be glad to see her develop into what she can be if she will.

THE NEW RULES AND THE FORWARDS.

BY WALTER CAMP.

THE effect of the new rules upon the teams of 1894 is becoming gradually apparent. Like all alterations in football rules, the changes are more a matter of growth than of immediate performance. The men possess already certain traditions and certain habits which no amount of changes in the code could alter in a day, but gradually the pressure of necessity causes the play to develop along new lines.

The effect upon the individual members of the forward line, although not yet very marked, begins to be noticed. The ends, when their own side has the ball, are discovering that it is even more difficult than ever before for them to get down the field on a kick. Some two or three years ago an end rusher stood a very fair chance of getting down the field upon almost every kick that was made, unless it was a particularly long and low one. But the end rusher has been watched more and more closely for the last two years, and now that more kicking is being done, he finds that his opponents have their eyes upon him always. He must expect to be blocked temporarily, and it is along the line of the development of further strategy on his part that his progress runs. When his opponents have the ball, his general field action has been increased by the necessity of watching for short kicks to the side, and general trick kicks passed or over the tackle, as well as all kicks into touch on his side of the field. His position also becomes more trying in watching for and against "fake" kicks, for the more a side is driven by the rules toward open play, the more tricks are developed in the line of pretended kicks and end runs. We shall probably see a great many clever plays this year hung upon the expectation of a kick which never materializes.

TUXEDO—THE STARTING TEE.

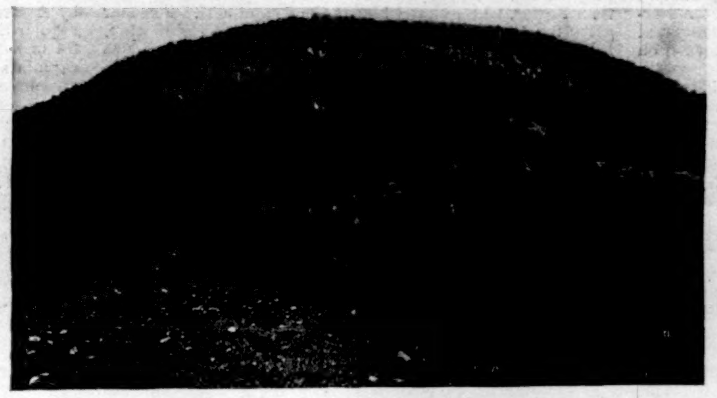
THE BUNKER—TUXEDO GOLF LINKS.

It is the custom of the ends to cut quite a wide circle now, both at kick-off and on downs—that is, the end endeavors to cover more of the field than he ever did before, and it becomes all the more imperative for him to educate himself up to discerning what the play is to be before the ball is snapped. There is no question but that in the past our ends have been by far the best educated in this respect, and a slight move in the position of the opponents means much more to the end rusher than to any one else in the line.

The tackles have also improved in the respect of diagnosing the play, but this season the tackles will have to give even more assistance to the end than they did last year. There was a time, a few years ago, when the tackle could help out the guard occasionally, as well as the end; but the guards will now have to be good enough to take care of themselves and help the tackle, while the tackle lends any surplus energy he may have to the end when his own side has the ball. The increased blocking of the end by the opponents on the kick makes it necessary for the tackle to shake himself free, if possible, and get down the field. On the ordinary running game his work does not differ materially from what it was last year when his own side has the ball. When, however, the opponents have the ball, he is not likely to have quite so much weight driven against him with momentum as he did last season. He will have to face momentum plays; but instead of five men starting ten or fifteen yards back, there will be but three who can take that amount of run. Any others who join them must wait until the ball is actually put in play. While it is true that three men under full headway strike a pretty hard blow upon the tackle, they are by no means as awe-inspiring as five, and until some more radical blow is struck at momentum-playing, the tackle will have to face this part of the work.

He will find one other development under the new rules, and that is that when his opponents have the ball he must be much more careful not to be tempted off side, for the penalty of ten yards is a severe one, which no team can afford to incur too often. It is not improbable that some teams will develop trick plays with the sole intention of tempting their opponents off side in order to secure this additional ten yards. If this be the result it will be a pity, and will demand some legislation another season whereby a pretence at putting the ball in play will be barred. It is impossible for men along the line to actually see the ball all the time, and they must judge when it is put in play from the movement of their opponents, and, of course, the tackle is the man who must be the most certain to get through at the right moment.

The position of guard under the new rules will involve a greater amount of training than formerly, because of the progress of the ball up and down the field and the greater number of times that it is likely to change hands. Probably the number of miles which the guards will have to run this year will be enough to reduce their avoirdupois several pounds, and it is not likely that any of the big men in the centre will enjoy the kicking game as much as the running game. It is necessary for the guard to be at the point of the play—that is, where the ball has been downed—practically at the same time with the centre; and it is not the pushing of the wedge-work which tires out big men, but the running up and down the field. These same remarks apply to the centre as well, and both Lewis and Balliet would be great treasures for the play of 1894, because they were not over-heavy, and could stand much more of this kind of work than was actually required of them. The centre will have just about the same protection from interference as last year, and will thus be able to get the ball back in good style. He will not be used so much in flying wedges, nor will he and the guards be required to meet these flying wedges at kick-off and free kicks, as they were last year. It was no unusual thing to have a big centre or guard hurt when jumping into or lying down before these momentum plays at kick-off and fair catches, so that some anxiety on this account will be taken off from the captain's mind. It always seemed dangerous when this mass was coming down the field and two or three heavy men met it, either on their feet or on all-fours, but it was absolutely necessary that it be stopped by the application of some such method.

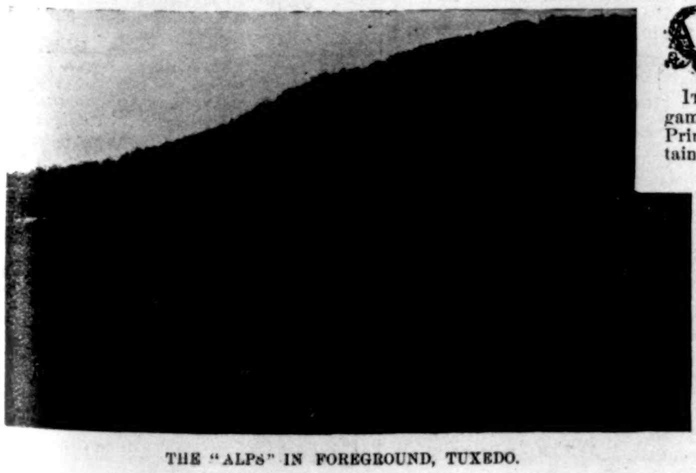


GENERAL VIEW—NO. 4 PUTTING GREEN, TUXEDO.

The general play of the entire rush-line promises to be more rapid. The pace will be faster in proportion as the movement of the play is greater, whether it be effected by end running or kicking, or anything else which carries the ball from where it is downed to a point some distance away before the next down. The play of the forwards, when the ball is kicked off, must be to avoid stopping it on trick kicks, and to act as interferers after the kick for their own halves or full-back, attempting to run with it.

If any one supposes that small wedges will be discarded under the new rules, he is making a great mistake, for they will undoubtedly be used, and with them a great many plays of the nature of momentum plays, although they will not have so much weight behind them. Last year it became pretty evident that a light man would not do for tackle, and it is probable that if momentum plays had continued to increase as rapidly as they did last season, it would have been necessary to have a giant at tackle to withstand the blows of the human battering-ram. As it is we shall see weight distributed pretty well in these positions, but with that weight a man must have a good pair of legs and good wind.

BEST PUTTING GREEN, TUXEDO.



THE "ALPS" IN FOREGROUND, TUXEDO.

AMATEUR SPORT

IT IS INTERESTING TO NOTE, from the games already played by Harvard, Yale, Princeton, and Pennsylvania, how the captains propose meeting the new rules that call for actual kicks. Judging from the conduct of their games thus far, it is safe to say the managers have concluded that the actual kick at kick-off and on all free kicks is inevitable, and cannot be avoided by any stretching or interpretation of the rule. The next step has been a study for some method by which, after the kick, the rushers may speedily again secure possession of the ball. An attempt has been made to kick the ball against the opponents with sufficient force to insure its bounding back out of the immediate reach of the man whom it strikes. This method, although it sometimes works, is hardly a satisfactory one, and will probably be used only as an occasional trick in unimportant games. Another experiment is a rolling kick between the rushers, but in a diagonal direction so extreme as to give an end or a tackle a chance—slim, to be sure, but nevertheless a chance—of securing it.

In the same manner a diagonal kick, short, over the heads of the first men of the opponents, has been exploited by some of the adventurous captains. At this date it begins to look as though the problem would narrow itself down to a question of the relative value of a kick, short enough, and in a sufficiently high slanting direction, to enable the rushers to get fairly well down to its falling-point, and a long kick driving the opponents back, admitting, it is true, of a run in because the rushers cannot reach the dropping-point in time to down the man receiving the ball.

ONE OTHER POSSIBILITY REMAINS, and it is perhaps worthy of consideration. There are place-kickers who, on a comparatively calm day can kick off so vigorously that the ball will cross the opposing goal-line. If the ball should go "dead" there, owing to a back's letting it go over his head and not reaching it before it was "dead," or if the kicker's side should get down, after the back had let it go over his head, so rapidly as to prevent his getting out with it, his side would have to kick out—that is, they would lose the opportunity for a run, and the play would probably eventually result in the original holders of the ball having it down near the middle of the field.

All this seems a trifle far-fetched at present, but place-kicking is undeveloped with us. Haxhall of Princeton kicked a goal from very near the middle of the field in a Yale-Princeton match some years ago, and at that time there were no unusual inducements to place-kicking.

As to the side receiving the ball from the kick-off. There has always been a great deal of talk about "returning a kick." Up to this year "returning a kick" meant catching a punt of an opponent, and, without stopping for a down, punting it back again before the opponents could prevent. Naturally this was, among the big teams, much more talk than practice, for it was a rare exception when such an opportunity offered. With the new kick-off, however, there is certainly an excellent chance for a return kick. A man can and should make the most of his run in, and just before the opponents meet him get in his kick—*i.e.*, if that is his play. It seems to me in nine-tenths of the teams it will pay far better to run it in and have it down.

Another interesting matter is the distribution of the men on the line-up for the kick-off, and it gives ample room for the ingenuity of coaches and captains. Thus far the most effective placing of the men I have seen was that of Yale in the Orange game when the other side had to kick-off. Roughly, it was something like this:

○ C

G ○ ○ G

T ○ ○ T

○ QB

E ○ ○ E

○ ○ ○
HB FB HB

As the ball came sailing over, the forwards swung into its direction, and became most effective running interference for whichever back had caught and was running with the ball. It was rather crudely done, but it shows what may be accomplished with time and practice.

THE RAPID SPREAD OF GOLF in the present sporting year is evidence enough of the earnestness with which we Americans follow a theme once we have entered upon its pursuit. It is less than a half-dozen years since the first club in the United States was organized; it is but three years ago that St. Andrews was the solitary representative of the game in this country. The Shinnecock, Meadow Brook, Chicago, Brookline, and Tuxedo Country Club links were laid out one after the other when the first tiny wave of golfiana came upon us; but the game created scarcely a ripple of interest away from the immediate vicinity of the club course. Last year was really the first in which golf became seriously to be considered as a game worthy of notice. This year we

have had a veritable awakening to the merits of the ancient and royal game, and already two American "championship" tournaments have been held, the first at Newport, and the second, a couple of weeks ago, at Yonkers, under the auspices of the St. Andrews Club. Nor is that all. Since the beginning of the season the number of links has just about doubled; several new clubs have been organized, among others one in the Philadelphia Country Club; but by far the greatest evidence that the golfing craze is upon us in all its fascinating fury is shown in the increase of private courses. A few have been laid out on country estates up the Hudson; but about Boston they have multiplied at such a rate that I have lost count. If the present pace is maintained next year, as it undoubtedly will be, I have no doubt the number of players at the close of '95 will run into the thousands, instead of into the hundreds as it does now.

There is no gainsaying the fact that golf has passed the experimental stage and settled upon us for good. Certainly no game has more to commend it to the consideration of those that seek out-of-door recreation without the wear and tear of the hardier sports. And as adapted to the sportswomen of America, there is no field in which the gentle sex is more fitted to shine. While the spirit is upon us, we should follow the example set in Scotland and encourage the playing of boys and girls—first, because it is magnificent exercise for them, and second, because it will insure us a high standard of golfing skill in the years to come.

As THE FIRST TOURNAMENT to bring the foremost players of the country together, that at Newport was important, but probably the one at St. Andrews recently was the more interesting in matter of entries, and certainly in point of skill. It argues well for the future of American golf to note the improvement in form at each successive tournament. There were 32 entries at St. Andrews, and while, to be sure, the greater number were outclassed, yet fully half showed exceedingly promising form, and of these Messrs. Walter E. Hodgman, John Reid, A. L. Livermore, and David L. Henderson were especially notable. The best four men of the tournament, in order of merit, proved to be L. B. Stoddart, of St. Andrews Golf Club; C. B. McDonald, Chicago; Archibald Rogers, Shinnecock; and William Lawrence, Newport. Mr. Stoddart not only won the tournament from McDonald by one up, but made a record for the links of 85—the best previous amateur being 90 strokes, I believe. Mr. McDonald played an exceedingly strong game, winning from Mr. Lawrence, who had defeated him at Newport, and altogether closes the season with probably the best record of any player, since he was strange to both courses, while his opponents were familiar with them. Mr. Rogers's form was good, remarkably so considering he has played but one season, and it is pleasing to record the excellence of the home-bred article as represented by him and Mr. McDonald, as compared with the golf of Messrs. Stoddart and Lawrence, learned on the other side.

It is a mistake to dignify these tournaments as championships, except they be club championships; there can be no United States championship until the clubs have met and decided upon such an event, as will probably be done before the season closes. There is no need of an association, which, I see, is proposed; an agreement by the leading clubs to hold an annual championship, and the selection of two or three of the best links to decide it over alternately, according to the St. Andrews (Scotland) rules, is all that is required.

THE LAST WEEK OF OCTOBER FOOTBALL closed with Cornell playing, all things considered, the best game, in proportion to its capabilities, and with no one of the four other large university teams having outpaced the others in the week's development. With the exception of Harvard, they all seem to have made in the season about equal improvement. Harvard's really first game of the year, when an effort was made to play ball, was that on Saturday against Cornell's eleven, which it had hard work in beating—22–12. It is true Cornell's two touch-downs resulted from blocked kicks, and some called such plays flukes, but I fail to recognize flukes, which invariably come about through some man's stupidity or lack of judgment, and that counts in the game quite as much as bucking the centre. At the same time I saw nothing in Harvard's play against Cornell that should be discouraging to the crimson's supporters. It played in the first half better than Princeton did against Cornell, and quite as good as Yale did against Orange, and certainly many times better than did Pennsylvania's substitute eleven against Crescent. For a while in the first half Harvard played snappy football, and earned every point it scored. The main impression given by the eleven, however, was lack of team-play, the men seeming like a lot of marbles bumping against one another in a bag. For the short time Mackie played in his old position at guard, the three centre men, well backed up by Wrenn at quarter, did fairly well; but, generally speaking, the line was not together in its work. This was due in part, no doubt, to the fact that three of the men—Mackie, Waters, and Emmons—have been playing but a few days, and were all palpably short of work. Manahan, too, seemed to be similarly ailing, though lack of practice cannot in his case be offered as an excuse. A. Brewer, at right end, and the two new men—F. Shaw, in the centre, and J. N. Shaw, at right guard—all did fairly well, particularly Brewer and F. Shaw, each of whom had a strong *vis-à-vis*. J. N. Shaw was also opposed by one of Cornell's good men, and really showed much improvement in his work since last seen. He is far from satisfactory as yet, but if he continues in the line of progress that has marked his work since he put on a canvas jacket for the first time, the last of September, he ought to fill the position acceptably.

HALLOWELL, WHO PLAYED LEFT TACKLE in the second half, seems to be the most promising man for that position; he put up a stronger game than Manahan, whom he succeeded, and it is not at all improbable that he will eventually play there permanently, unless Manahan improves greatly. There will be no need of anxiety for the other tackle position once Waters has got into form, but on Saturday Cornell made holes on the right side of Harvard's line, between Shaw and Waters, rather easily. Wrenn's work at quarter was excellent; he handled a very slippery ball without a fumble throughout the afternoon, and got into every play with a purpose; he showed up very much stronger than Foster, who relieved him in the second half. The star game for Harvard, however, was played by Wrightington, left half-back, who was certain in his catching, that was tested very frequently, and strong in running with the ball. Some of his runs in after a catch were very clever. C. Brewer, as he is always sure to do, likewise made some very good runs, and bucked Cornell's line with more success than any other Harvard back, but neutralized his good work by poor judgment in returning punts. His manner of holding the ball in front for a return punt is likely to result disastrously, as it did Saturday. Such form will never prove effective in close quarters; he should practise kicking from the side, in which style Wrightington sent some good balls from back of the Harvard line. Moreover, Brewer's tackling needs brushing up, as, in fact, does that of all the eleven. Hamlen, who played full-back, did not do enough to attract attention one way or another.

Generally speaking Harvard was very slow. When the forwards got through the Cornell line they fell through; they did not rip the line open; and, on the other hand, could not keep Cornell from making holes for good steady gains. Then, too, the distribution of the men on kick-off was not good. However, considering the greenness of two of the men on the line, and the lack of practice in three more, Harvard's showing in the first half was satisfactory. It has usually been the case that Harvard at about this time of the season has reached close to top form, and has a set-back immediately thereafter. This year it looks as if the team would show steady improvement for the next three weeks, preparatory to their big games the last of November. With the exception of left tackle, the line is probably about settled upon if everything goes on as at present. Acton's injured elbow has proved more serious than at first it seemed, and he will not be able to play, so that J. N. Shaw, if he continue improving, will very likely remain at right guard; F. Shaw will play centre; Mackie, left guard; Waters, right tackle; A. Brewer, right end; Emmons, left end; and either Hallowell or Manahan, preferably the former at present, at left tackle. Wrenn seems the man for quarter; C. Brewer and Wrightington, backs; and Fairchild, for full.

Cornell's play against Harvard reflects great credit on its coach, Marshall Newell, and on the men themselves. They played a kicking game the first half, and for a greater part of the time outplayed Harvard. In the second they resorted to line-bucking, and kept possession of the ball for yards at a time, carrying it once from the centre of the field to Harvard's 15-yard line. Ohl's kicking was the best of the day, though in the second half he was lacking in judgment several times, and the tackling of Wyckoff, Ohl, and of both ends was sharp. In fact, Cornell tackled much cleaner and sharper than Harvard. Harvard showed practically no interference, its only play appearing to be one between tackle and end, which was successful more often than not. On whatever else it attempted, Cornell got through and tackled too often to make it a ground-gainer.

The Harvard line was very unsteady, and Umpire P. J. Dashiel is to be congratulated on his strict enforcement of the rules. Linesman F. A. Wood showed us more than any other incumbent how much assistance that official can render the referee in marking distance and keeping time.

WITH FOUR MEN IN THE LINE who will probably not be there against either Harvard or Princeton, Yale had all it could do defeating West Point (12–5) Saturday. West Point has a strong team that has been well coached, and it played good football. The Yale line showed weak, and the backs had practically to fight their own way. Back of the line Yale is very strong, and may be yet further strengthened by Armstrong going into quarter. The weak point in the regular line is at left guard, which McCrea seems unable to fill to satisfaction, and who to put there is worrying the captain and coaches considerably just now. No candidate appears equal to the demands.

Princeton is still at sea over the full-back problem, and working vigorously to develop one. Poe continues the best man for quarter.

Pennsylvania seems to have gone backward. The line is weak, and the backs do not work together. Annapolis put up a good game against them Saturday, being defeated only 12–0.

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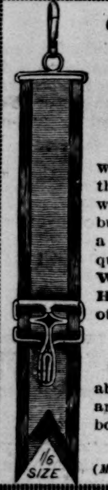

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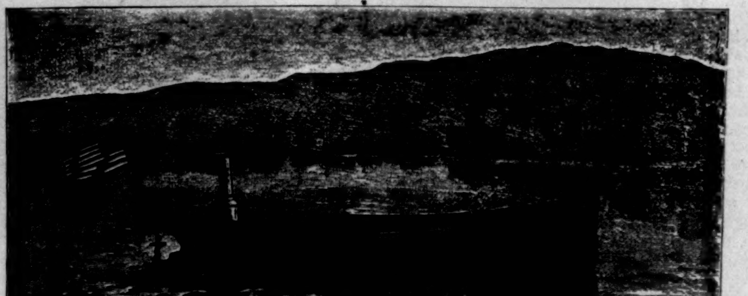
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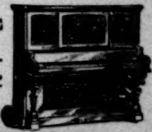
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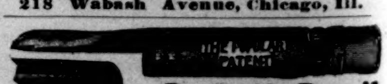
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far more formidable than any team that has ever represented the university.

But beyond this and of far more consequence is the spirit that has been infused into the team by the enthusiasm and vigor of Captain Allen's leadership. It has inspired the true college feeling, and will go far toward winning many victories for Western football and new laurels for the university. Thus far they have defeated Northwestern University, 44 to 0, Rush Medical, 16 to 6, and Beloit College, 16 to 0. Games have been arranged with the best elevens in the West, and the season will close with the University of Michigan game, Thanksgiving day, which has been made an annual event.

APROPOS OF THE COMMENT in this department on the unwholesome tendencies of college sport and the apparent indifference of *alumni*, I give space to the following letter:

"I agree with you in what you say, in this week's number of HARPER'S WEEKLY, on the various abuses which are sooner or later bound to kill inter-collegiate football. I have been so thoroughly disgusted this year with the various college squabbles over time and place of playing, over the commercial element which dictates the college football spirit of the age, the playing for gate receipts, and the general 'Barnumized' tendency to boom the game, that I had outlined a letter to you on the subject. There is one point which I want to discuss which you cover, and that is the absolute power that the college faculty has in this matter. I have maintained for the past six years that it is ridiculous to permit any abuse to exist when the faculty have the power in their hands to control it. You can readily see that an alumnus who is acting in the capacity of graduate adviser has only an advisory power, and not a mandatory power; but the athletic committee of the college faculty has absolute power to correct any abuse that exists. I speak with knowledge when I say that there has never been a time since '88 (from which time these various abuses begin to date) that it has not been absolutely in the hands of any athletic committee of any college to correct these abuses as they have developed. It has been my experience that the faculty athletic committee are less prone to correct an abuse than the graduate advisory committee, and it is unquestionably exasperating to think of the puerility of the excuse that no one has it in their power to correct the existing evils in college athletics. In discussing this question you can make no invidious distinctions in your criticisms of the larger colleges. I cannot see that any unfair comparison can be drawn against any one in this particular; they are all equally guilty. I do think that the *alumni* sentiment is honest, but weak-kneed, for when it comes to the pinch, and it is a question of victory and supporting an abuse, they are inclined to shut their eyes and leave the undergraduates to drift along in their same old way. In all honesty, I cannot blame the undergraduate for the present condition of affairs, for to any one who has followed this question closely and been intimately acquainted with details it is easy to see that abuses have developed directly under the patronage of the faculty athletic committees. How to correct the growing tendency is a difficult one. Securing any joint action of a combined faculty and graduate committee of the various colleges seems to be an impossibility; and unfortunately some of those who pose as reformers in this movement are not without suspicion. It is reasonable to suppose that this, like all other public matters, will be corrected by public sentiment when the abuses get beyond bounds that the public cannot swallow."

This letter is from a college man who is sufficiently a student of sport to recognize its value to the undergraduate and deplore any tendency which is harmful. It represents, too, the feeling among *alumni* that have reached years of maturity. There is undoubtedly a growing conviction that unless more rational management obtains in football, in the matter of gate charges and arrangements for games, the faculty should take the matter in hand and forbid, first, more than fifty cents admission and one dollar and a half for reserved seats being charged; and second, games on other than college grounds or under other than college management.

Let us hope, however, that the necessity for faculty interference may not be found necessary. It is much more satisfactory, much more wholesome for undergraduates to manage their own sports, with the aid of graduate advisors. But the undergraduate seems to have lost his head in football, and the graduate advisor appears singularly apathetic. I am inclined to agree thoroughly with my correspondent when he says the *alumni* are weak-kneed, for none I know are in sympathy with the Barnumization of college sport. They appear to lack a moving spirit; no one seems to have stamina enough to stand forth and declare against present abuses and invite others to join him in the crusade. Positively there is not a solitary harmful tendency in college athletics that could not be instantly corrected if those *alumni* that are in closest touch with the sport would set about earnestly to rectify it.

TAKE FOOTBALL, FOR INSTANCE. The *alumni* most in touch and of greatest influence are, for Yale, George Adee, Eugene Richards, Walter Camp; for Harvard, W. A. Brooks, Jun., Robert Bacon (indeed, these two, with Louis Deland, constitute a committee this year that is practically absolute), and James B. Ames; for Princeton, C. C. Cuyler, Tracy Harris, and Alexander Moffatt; for University of Pennsylvania, Jno. C. Bell, Henry L. Geyelin, and Doctor White. If these men should meet for the distinct purpose of lessening the growing evils of football, and agree to no preliminary practice before college opens; no charge over $1 50 for reserved seat, nor over fifty cents for admission; games on college grounds; no student representing his university in more than one sport, track athletics excepted; linesman empowered to disqualify instantly a slugging player—there would be no question of their suggestions being unanimously adopted; in fact, in most cases their suggestions are now the law.

It is really to these men that we must look for reform in the several instanced particulars, and if it becomes necessary for the faculty to take hold of the gate-receipt and site questions, we shall know by whose indifference their interposition is made necessary. We must have an end to this business, and squabbling, slugging element in our sport, even though it can be reached by no other than faculty mandates. Better to kill the sport outright than permit it lead a life that must end in scandal so sure as fate.

THE UNIVERSITY ATHLETIC CLUB, as touching this football situation, has fallen very far short of the ideas which called it into being, and the influence we had good reason to expect from it. The club governors seem to be so fearful of "interfering" that they go to the other extreme and fail of doing what they are in office to do. The rôle of the University Athletic Club should be that of a balance-wheel to college sport; it was with this purpose in view it was organized. The governors are not fulfilling the club's mission by their disregard of the present crisis—for a crisis it is rapidly becoming.

Suppose the president of the club called a meeting of the governors, and appointed for the consideration of these football questions a committee composed of George Adee, Walter Camp, H. S. Brooks, J. W. Curtis, C. C. Cuyler, Lloyd McK. Garrison, George Walton Green, Tracy Harris, Charles H. Mapes, Charles F. Matthewson, Henry Van Duzer, Robert Cornell, and Richard Trimble; there is not a college man in America whose attention and confidence would not be gained at once by whatever such men might have to say on the subject. Their suggestions to the different college undergraduate managements would be accepted without question of partisanship.

I am filling up space that some of my younger readers, no doubt, believe I could better occupy with discussion of the university elevens. But what is the *personnel* of an eleven, or the result of a game of to-day, compared with the morale of the sport. I have written strongly on the subject because I have studied the question deeply enough, I believe, to look into the future. The very life of college sport depends on its purity, and nothing so menaces purity like chasing the almighty dollar. If every *alumnus* feels as Mr. Jno. C. Bell, of Pennsylvania, whose letter I take much pleasure in publishing, and will *act*, we shall soon have an end to all questions of gate receipts.

"I have read your article in this week's issue with the greatest pleasure and satisfaction. I heartily commend every line and syllable you have written, and, what is more, I mean, in my small way, from this time on to set myself to work to bring about the accomplishment of the reforms you advocate.

"There ought to be another meeting of the Rules Committee before the big games. The linesman undoubtedly ought to have the power to disqualify instantly for slugging. It was so urged, unsuccessfully, at the time the rules were being framed. The rule, too, passed to more fully protect the player making a 'fair catch' is miscarrying, and therefore needs revision. As at present, literally interpreted, it permits a player to be *thrown* in *all cases* except where he holds up his hand. *This was not the intent of the committee.*

"I believe that there should be no preliminary training season. In my experience it is of *slight* benefit to the team—a perfectly green man joining the squad who have been practising for several weeks before college opens being able to get into trim and hold up his end with the best of them after a fortnight's endeavor. The evils attendant upon such prolonged ante-season preparation are known to us all. The 'summer athlete' must go, and Pennsylvania has forbidden, by a recent prospective resolution of her Board of Directors and Faculty Athletic Committee, any such 'summer athlete' from competing on her teams. In our rules adopted last spring we also provided that no athlete should be permitted to take part in two sports unless he was (a) in good standing with his class, and (b) had secured the *special* permission of the faculty so to do."

THE HARVARD-YALE EIGHT-OARED RACE of 1895 will be more than usually interesting, not only as a first trial of Harvard's new system, but because, very likely, too, of the opportunity afforded by Yale's race with Oxford to get a line on the four leading university crews of the world. Mr. Robert Cook's recent trip to England, for the purpose of arranging a race with Oxford next April on the Thames, appears at this writing to have had the desired result, though a race is not yet absolutely settled upon. Oxford may be disinclined to arrange now, before the Oxford-Cambridge event (which comes in March), for a race in April, and on the same plan of the Oxford-Yale track athletic meeting. Still, I do not fancy Mr. Cook will have much difficulty in making a match. The time of the year suits Oxford perfectly. It will be an awkward time for our men, who will need all the practice they can get.

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